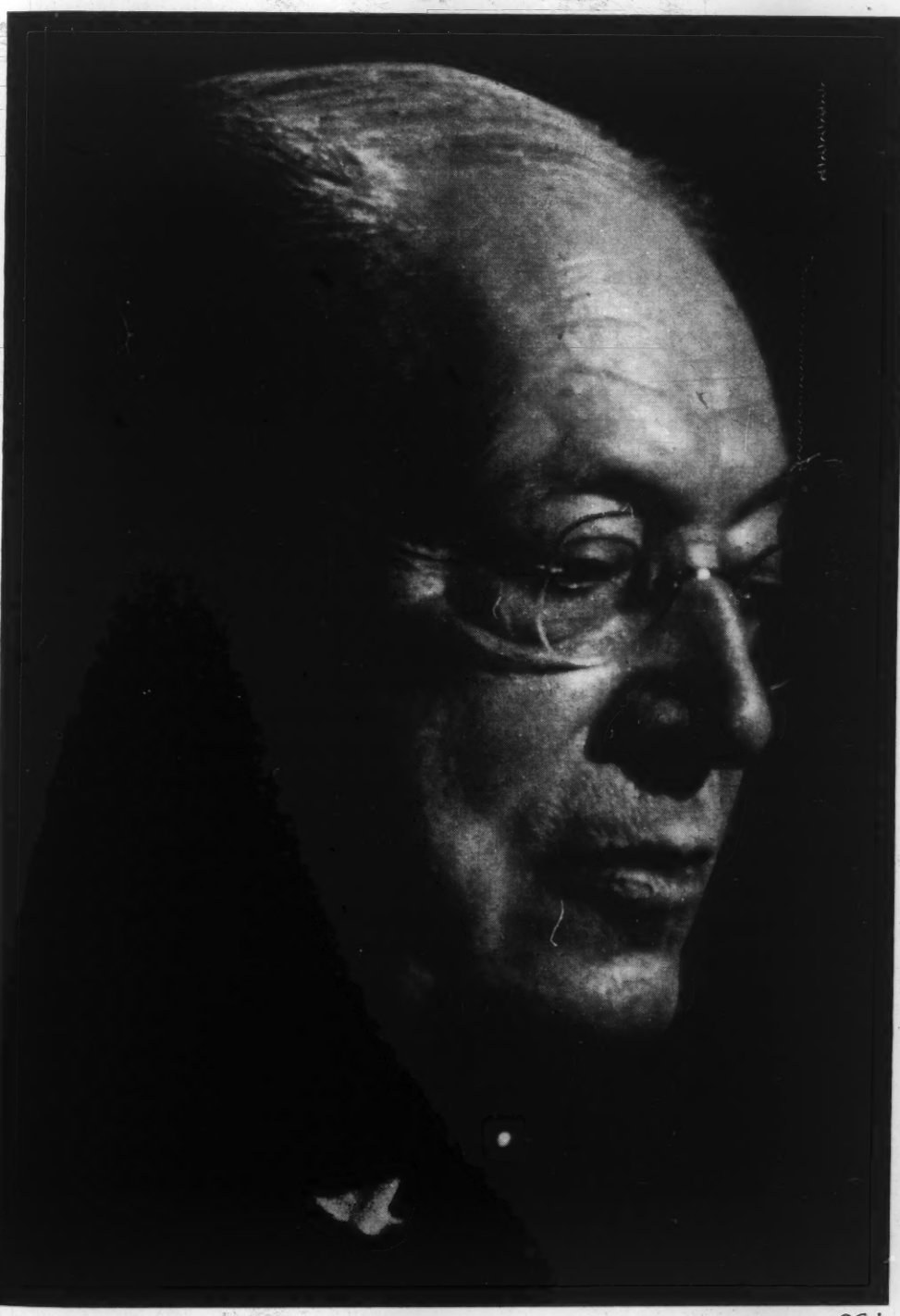
Saturday Night

MARCH 17TH 1956 TEN CENTS



©Gaby

Harry C. Hindmarsh: Divining rods in a newsroom (Page 13).

The Front Page

IF A MAN wants to drink himself into the gutter, is it anyone's business but his own?

That is the question raised in the annual report of Ontario's Alcoholism Research Foundation. Some people who drink to excess reject all efforts to help them moderate their habits. They are known as "resistant alcoholics". They refuse to accept treatment and persist in drinking too much in spite of knowing what the results of their excesses will be.

"It can be argued that such morbid behavior in a democratic society is a person's own prerogative," David Archibald, executive director of the Alcoholism Foundation, says in his report. "However, when such behavior reaches the point of endangering the lives of spouse and children in a household, some immediate remedial and protective action by outside authorities is necessary . . . There are many legal as well as medical problems involved in such a proposal. Whether or not the proposal is practical is a matter for those who frame our legislation to decide. It is clear, however, that the problem of the resistant alcoholic . . . is a matter requiring intensive study with a view to remedial action."

This is a far-reaching proposal. It would give the state added power to invade the private life of the individual—a suspicious procedure at best. More than that, however, it is premature until medical science knows a great deal more

What's News in Canada?
by Gwyn Kinsey: Page 7

It took real courage to brave the elements when this old-fashioned runabout was all the rage. But now with the new De Soto hardtop you can enjoy the thrills of open-view driving in closed-car comfort.

Today...thrill to
<u>modern</u> open-view driving
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At the touch of a button, you put De Soto's great new PowerFlite automatic transmission into action. And with the new 255-h.p. Fireflite V-8 at your command, cruising is unbelievably smooth. When you call for it, De Soto's tremendous reserve power carries you swiftly up the steepest hills . . . confidently around the cars you wish to pass.

De Soto gives you unrivalled safety, too. New centre-plane brakes bring swift, sure stops . . . with one-quarter less pedal pressure. New Life-Guard door latches keep doors closed . . . even under severe impact. And famous full-time power steering is available to guide you safely and easily into curves and tight parking spaces.

Try open-view driving with the modern touch. Take a thrilling demonstration ride at your De Soto dealer's today.

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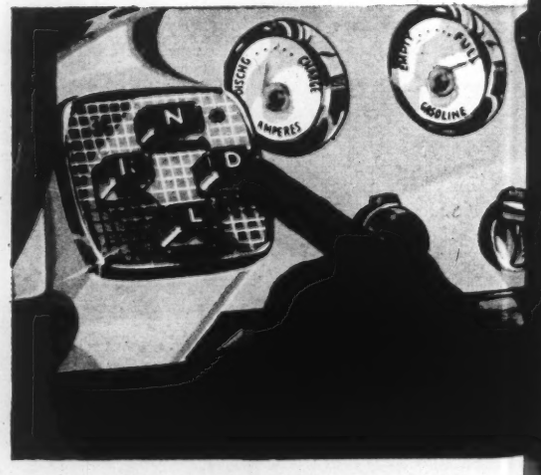

MAGIC TOUCH. New push-button controls for the world's finest automatic transmission—PowerFlite. Just press a button . . . step on the gas . . . and GO! The selector panel is at the driver's left, safely away from children's busy hands.

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about alcoholism than it does at present, particularly in Canada. There is even a lack of information about the precise extent of the problem. "About" 65 per cent of adult Canadians are reported to drink alcoholic beverages habitually or occasionally, and of these "about" three per cent are said to be "problem drinkers".

Before legislators jump at Mr. Archibald's suggestion, they should do a lot of thinking about the difficulties he points out—"there are many legal as well as medical problems involved".

A good starting point for legislative study would be the safeguards that now exist to protect the individual against improper isolation because of illness, supposed or real. Then it must be decided if alcoholism is a sickness for which the whole community must accept responsibility, or a crime against society which must be punished. These are questions of principle. There are others of fact which must be answered before action can be taken. How many alcoholics are there, for instance, and how many of these are enough of a burden on society to warrant interference with their private lives?

It is easy to become emotional about alcoholism. Indeed, discussion of the subject has always been clouded with too much emotion and illuminated with too little fact. If it is to be handled at all rationally, the process must be reversed.

Clearing the Cities

IT IS wrong to say that the St. Laurent administration is devoid of all talent. It has, in fact, a spectacular talent for dodging obligations. A typical demonstration of this ability was given a couple of weeks ago by the Hon. Paul Martin, whose Department of Health and Welfare looks after that unwanted child, civil defence.

A questioner wanted to know if any decision had been made about evacuating big Canadian cities in the event of war. Mr. Martin told the House that federal authorities are co-operating with provincial officials in "determining the feasibility" of evacuation, but still hadn't decided on a policy.

These things take time, of course. It has only been eleven years since the first primitive A-bomb was dropped on a city. Even so, there's been quite a bit of talk about what an A-bomb or its more powerful successor, the H-bomb, can do to a country, and one would think that by this time Mr. Martin and his colleagues would have *some* firm opinion about the "feasibility" of evacuation. It's highly likely that they have such an opinion, but are more scared by it than by the possibility of the Bomb's being dropped somewhere in Canada.

If the Federal Government plumps for evacuation, it must accept some of the responsibility for making evacuation possible. With roads and traffic what they are today (and they will be worse tomorrow), getting all the people out of cities such as Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver in a matter of minutes or even hours just isn't possible. There are daily traffic jams, morning and evening, caused by people who drive to and from work; add to these the panic-stricken hordes trying to get out of the city by any means they can, and the result would be screaming chaos.

Paul Martin: No policy yet.

In other words, there must be new roads built. Who is to build them? The city alone, or the province? Or is the existence of a vital industrial area important to the survival of the whole country? Undoubtedly Mr. Martin knows the answers. But he's not talking.

Prediction

YOU MAY have missed this, but even if you didn't, it's worth repeating. Talking about the shortage of schools and teachers in the United States, James Reston, chief of the *New York Times* bureau in Washington, made this prediction: "We'll develop a nation of nitwits. A nitwit is a man who builds better roads and faster cars for juvenile delinquents and then drafts them into the Army to fight for things they don't understand."

Jail or Fine

ONE of the penalties of being poor in Canada is imposed when a person gets involved with the law. In theory, the law treats all men alike. In practice, the rich man gets the better treatment. He can buy the best legal help and, when there is an alternative, he can pay a fine instead of going to jail.

Thoughtful lawyers have worried about this state of affairs for many years. They have attempted, as in Ontario, to work out methods of providing free or cheap legal aid to needy people who get into lawsuits. But this is a far easier problem to solve than the one caused by the alternative provided in so many judgments—"$X and costs or X days in jail". The question was raised again recently by John Diefenbaker, a lawyer and MP for Prince Albert, Sask.

John Diefenbaker: A penalty.

"If a money penalty is all that should be suffered by a wrong-doer," Mr. Diefenbaker said, "then poverty and inability to pay should not impose on him the stigma of imprisonment in default of payment."

It is also true, of course, that a poor man should not be treated more tenderly than a wealthy one. Poverty is no saving grace. And without the threat of jail, it's possible that collection of fines would be difficult. Judges are given some discretion in allotting a specified time in which an offender must pay a fine, and there have been some experiments in instalment systems of payment. But no method has yet been devised to make punishment no more severe for the poor than for the rich. One man pays a $100 fine and never misses the money; another goes to jail for a month and wrecks his life.

The answer will probably be found either in a system of deferred payments or in a method of permitting the offender to work out his fine outside a prison. What is certain is that an answer must be found, if there is to be equality of justice.

The Big Wedding

WE'RE getting a bit worried about the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier nuptials. The guest list already includes (in addition to friends and relatives) any number of crowned heads and diplomats as well as all the more distinguished film stars and

directors. Then there will be the press of the western world. Since the Principality of Monaco is less than half the size of New York's Central Park, it looks as though some of the guests will have to catch the ceremony from vantage points in the Alpes Maritimes. And that is not all. There will undoubtedly be political complications. Bulganin and Khrushchev are going everywhere these days and are sure to expect an invitation, but if they attend there'll be trouble. Bulganin will make subversive speeches and Khrushchev, at his best, is just the kind of wedding guest to tie knots in the groom's pyjamas and hang signs ("Watch Monaco Grow") on the back of the wedding car. Red China is certain to demand recognition and at least six seats in the cathedral. After that, the whole thing will probably fall in the lap of the United Nations. Perhaps it would have been wiser if Miss Kelly and the Prince had from the first regarded their affair with the coolness of the actress who is reported to have said, "I'd rather have a nice baked apple".

Accentuate the Negative

INVESTIGATIONS by the American Psychiatric Society may lead to a reversal of the current trend towards positive thinking. The Society recently issued a paper ("Notes on the Psychodynamics of Realistic Worry") which points out that "worry in the face of danger is the mark of a healthy mind".

Rather paradoxically, the larger the worry, the smaller the psychodynamic potential. The possibility of atomic disintegration isn't half so disturbing a factor as the smell of smoke in the basement. As a worrier, Communism is practically a sedative compared with the threat of moths in the clothes cupboard.

An ideal subject for psychodynamic worry is the relationship of smoking to lung cancer. The healthy-minded, or creative worrier, driven to give up smoking, begins immediately to put on weight and can then start worrying about the effect of overweight on the heart. He thus arrives at a balance of terror (to borrow a phrase from Lester Pearson) which is probably as wholesome as wheat germ.

Definition in Russia

ONE virtue of the Communists is that they think before they speak. The world can usually take for granted that what the Communist leaders say in public is the result of previous careful consideration in private. The element of confusion caused by the pronouncements of the present U.S. Secretary of State, for example, is thus reduced.

The speeches of Khrushchev and the first deputy premier, Mikoyan, at the recent Party Congress in Moscow, however deceptive in intent and obscure in significance, gave the gathering an historic importance. The Congress itself, of course, decided nothing. It simply confirmed decisions which had already been reached in secret, and revealed to the world, partly by implication and omission, some of the controversial developments taking place in Russia. We do not know and cannot tell how far any action is dictated by such "practical" reasons as internal economic problems or external strategic challenges (it is worth recalling that even the now discredited Stalin was once hailed by the West as a "practical" statesman); by conflicts and intrigues among the Soviet hierarchy; or by real attachment to the Marxist-Leninist ideology. But all these moves square with three premises about the Soviet Union in 1956.

Mikoyan: Show of confidence.

First, there is great confidence in the military and economic achievements of the Russian Communist system — confidence dramatized in the new Five Year Plan and, from most accounts, not altogether unjustified. Then the Russian leaders, whether from sincere belief or from expediency, are trying to operate a form of collective leadership. This is not the first time that the "cult of the individual" has been attacked. It was criticized at times even in the Stalin era. But the new elections and appointments to key positions also indicate some decentralization of power. Finally, Khrushchev's re-definition of Communist dogma to allow for the possibility of a peaceful transition from capitalism by parliamentary means, within the context of competitive co-existence, simply sets the seal on the Russian efforts to promote popular fronts with the European Socialists and to woo uncommitted governments.

The revised Soviet ideology should not be lightly dismissed by the West. It is already evident that neutralist nations are reacting favorably to what Nehru calls the trend towards "normalcy" (shades of Coolidge!).

The balance of world power is shifting on a vast scale. We should carefully consider whether it would not be wise to emphasize, for the benefit of the uncommitted nations, the real extent and potential dangers of Russian power, instead of minimizing it.

What Independence?

ONE OF the quaintest briefs presented to the Gordon Commission studying Canada's economic prospects was that of the two big labor congresses, the TLC and the CCL. Increasing American control of Canadian industry was a threat to Canadian independence, they suggested, and one of the chief aims of economic planning should be the preservation of that independence. And having thus unburdened themselves, the leaders of the million Canadian workers in the unions making up the congresses undoubtedly settled back to await further orders from their bosses in the United States.

Freedom and Right

IN THIS issue, SATURDAY NIGHT takes a look at some aspects of the newspaper industry in Canada. At such a time, probably, something should be said about the Freedom of the Press, but this is a phrase that has been more talked about than thought about, with the result that it has become something worse than a cliché.

The Press does not have any special freedom. What it enjoys is part of a larger right, one that belongs to all people—the right to know. It is the duty and privilege of the Press to be the main means of providing people with the information.

When newspaper men recognize their duty, they will fight against any attempts to stop them from getting the information that our society needs for its enlightenment and protection. Their freedom to dig for the facts is borrowed from the public, and their right to the facts is a delegation of public authority. It must be said that newspaper men generally are more conscious of this right than are the people they serve. The public all too often seems to be happy to delegate the responsibility of freedom, to shed it like a hair-shirt.

In his novel, *Leaven of Malice*, Robertson Davies has a character complain that journalists are "always poking their noses into what doesn't concern them", and another character replies, "If you want the benefit of what journalists do, you must put up with some annoyances of what they do, as well".

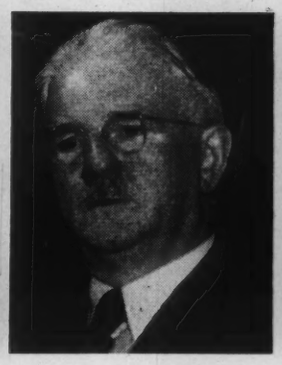
People cannot take away from the Press the freedom to poke without at the same time abandoning their own right to know.

Characters in Canada's Newspaper World

Donald Cameron Cromie, the 40-year-old President and Publisher of the *Vancover Sun* (circ. 189,905).

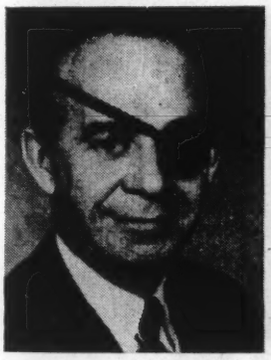
John G. McConnell, 44, Pres. of the *Montreal Star*, the Montreal Standard Publishing Co., and *Weekend*.

Roy H. Thomson, 61, Pres. of the Thomson Company, which has 18 dailies and two weeklies in Canada.

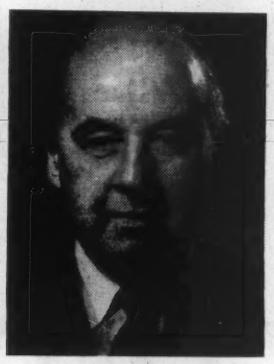


Senator W. Rupert Davies, 76, Pres. of the *Kingston Whig-Standard* (circ. 19,-959) began with a weekly.

John Bassett, 40, Publisher and Chairman of the *Toronto Telegram* (circ. 259,-305), took it over in 1952.



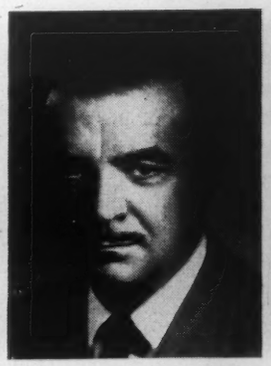
Oakley Dalgleish, 46, editor-in-chief of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* (circ. 245,-508), the biggest a.m. daily.



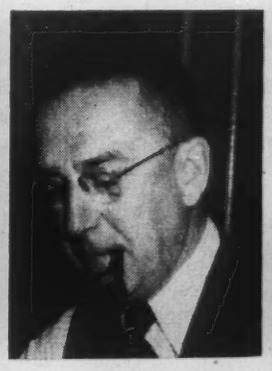
George V. Ferguson, 58, editor, *Montreal Star* (circ. 156,471) was formerly with the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

Bruce Hutchison, 54, editor of the *Victoria Daily Times* (circ. 22,478) is an authority on Canadian politics.

Grattan O'Leary, Vice-pres. and associate editor of the *Ottawa Journal* (circ. 60,-435), is a powerful editor.



Stuart Trueman, 44, editor of the *Telegraph - Journal* (circ. 24,556) of Saint John, NB, is also a humorist.



David B. Rogers, 56, editor of the *Regina Leader-Post* (circ. 45,708), has had wide experience on newspapers.

Tom Kent, 38, editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press* (circ. 114,921) came to it last year from *The Economist*.

Robert W. Chambers, 49, is a cartoonist whose work appears in the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* (circ. 63,980).

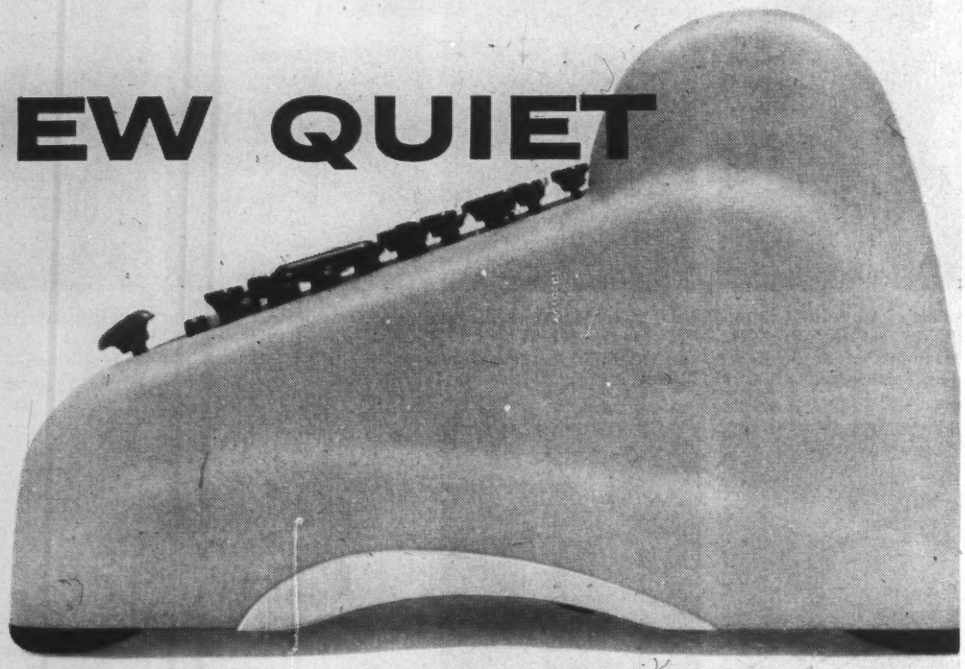
Leonard Norris, 42, enlivens the *Vancouver Sun* with his sharply satirical cartoons on Canadian folkways.

John Collins of the *Montreal Star* is one of the few political cartoonists developed in the Canadian press.

Judith Robinson brings a keen mind and an acid tongue to her Ottawa column for the *Toronto Tely*.

Eric Nicol, 36, writes a witty and lively column for the *Vancouver Daily Province* (circ. 118,752).

NEW QUIET



NEW COLOR

NEW CALCULATOR

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These new Burroughs Calculators are made to be seen and not heard!
They're as silent as they're sleek, yet their beauty is far from skin deep.
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Burroughs

"BURROUGHS" IS A TRADE-MARK

Newsdesk: Heart of a newspaper.

Canadians buy four million newspapers a day. What do they get for their money? Too much local news? Not enough national and world coverage? A deliberately unbalanced diet?

What's News in Canada?

by Gwyn Kinsey

THE DAILY PRESS in Canada is dishonest and illiterate. The daily press in Canada is the best of its kind in the world. The daily press in Canada is no longer a medium of public information, but one of mass entertainment.

These are the comments heard most frequently when the country's newspapers are discussed. But more often than not, the critics are talking not about the Canadian press but only about two or three newspapers that they see every day. The fact is, of course, that it is as dangerous to generalize about Canadian newspapers as it is to try to fit Canadians themselves into one tight mould. What is the press of Canada? Is it the humdrum presentation of facts given the reader in Halifax, or the headline-hysteria of Toronto's afternoon papers? The solid but desperately plain fare dished out in Edmonton or the puff pastry in Vancouver?

It is none of these and all of them. It is 104 newspapers that sell some four million copies a day. It is the work of 104 groups of men and women of varying competence doing as honest a job as they can of providing their communities with summaries of each day's news. And that must be the ground upon which any basic criticism of the press must be made: the job it does of collecting and presenting news.

The charts accompanying this article show how heavily the papers cover the news of their own communities and regions. It is not an arbitrary selection. Every test or survey has proved conclusively that the reader wants local news. This was true even during World War II. A careful check made by one newspaper two days after the landing in Normandy showed that, on a front page devoted largely to war news, a report of a change in the local system of fire protection had only slightly less readership than the main "banner" account of the progress of the allied invasion.

This preoccupation with local news is often bitterly criticized by people who would like to see the news columns devoted mainly to national and particularly international events. Newspaper publishers and editors themselves wonder publicly from time to time if they are doing an adequate job of informing their readers about what is going on in the world. But they also know that they cannot stuff foreign news into a reader's mind; they can only try to slip it in.

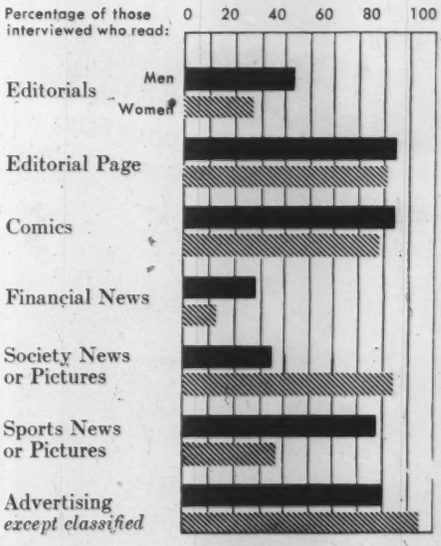
Perhaps the editors and publishers are too sensitive about criticism of their devotion to local news. A newspaper, after all, has two duties: to inform as well as entertain, and to remain financially healthy. These duties begin in the community it serves. If it does not inform its readers about local events, it will not only be helping to breed all sorts of domestic evils but will not stay healthy itself for long. On the reader's side, the citizen who knows all about the school system in Tibet and nothing about the policies of his own school board is pretty well a dead loss to his community.

The Massey Commission, in one of its wiser moments, had this to say: "It is no doubt the duty of the newspapers of this country to report the news as precisely as they can; it is their privilege to give such emphasis to the news as, in their judgment, will make the paper more attractive, popular and successful. And it is still the fact that in Canada 'news' is largely local or regional in character . . . This interest in and preoccupation with what is near and familiar is not a symptom of a regrettable parochialism; it is part of the price we pay for inhabiting half a continent. Even if the physical difficulties of distribution could be overcome . . . a newspaper attempting to cover the national field adequately would probably have little appeal in any one locality."

There is a big difference, however, between selection of the kind of news to be published and the way that news is presented. Here, I believe, is where the newspapers are most vulnerable.

There are some obvious and very superficial criticisms. Inaccuracies in reporting are not treated kindly by any responsible newspaper, but they are inevitable. Reporters and editors have all the failings of other human beings; they work against time in a business devoted, in Macaulay's phrase, to writing history on the run. Typographical errors are annoying, but the wonder is that there are not more—

Reader Interest



Median figures based on a survey of 72 Canadian and U.S. newspapers.

"all under one Roof"

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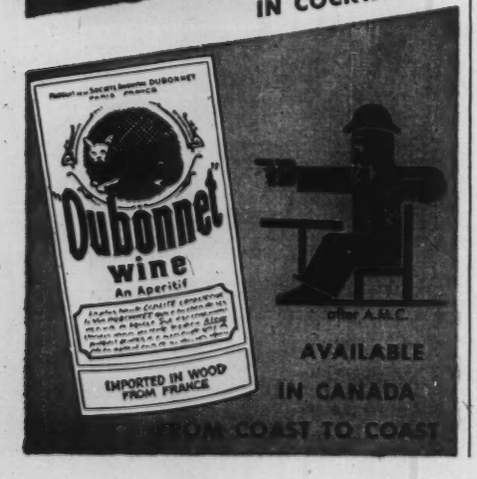
20 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto
388 St. James St. West, Montreal

TRY DUBONNET "STRAIGHT"

SERVE DUBONNET CHILLED

USE DUBONNET IN COCKTAILS



there are 10,810,000 ways that a compositor can set the one simple line, "To be or not to be", and the average Canadian newspaper runs something like 70,000 words of news each day. The charge of deliberate distortion of the news is one that very rarely can be supported. In this regard, the most common accusation is that newspapers yield to pressure from advertisers. In fact, most newspapers come under a great deal more pressure from such organized groups as prohibitionists and labor unions, but the multiplicity of both advertisers and pressure groups is a safeguard against the threat of distortion even when the publisher or editor lacks courage or integrity.

More valid criticisms of the way news is written and edited concern the continuity, depth and emotion of the coverage of events.

All too often, newspapers handle events as strictly one-day phenomena. The "big story" is hurriedly covered one day and forgotten the next, to be revived perhaps a week later when some other major development has occurred. There is no attempt to give the story continuity, background, explanation or illumination. It was the continuing failure of newspapers to do these things that made the news magazines possible and still contributes largely to the success of such periodicals. The reader, obviously and quite properly, does not like to be left in the middle of a story; he wants all the details and circumstances, and if he does not get them from the newspapers, he is curious enough to go elsewhere.

Then there is a notable lack of any sense of excitement in the news. At a meeting of editors a few months ago, this comment was made: "We live in a fearful and wonderful age. Its wonders unfold so rapidly that we too often accept the fantastic as routine, we fail to get excited over discoveries and inventions that will change the history and habits of mankind, and we fail to communicate any excitement to our readers." But it is not only in the "discoveries and inventions" that excitement exists. It can be found in the daily events in the next street, the next block, the next township—and in the lives of ordinary men and women everywhere.

What can Canadians expect from their newspapers in the future? Certainly a better coverage of the news, more detailed and communicated with greater efficiency. A reassuring trend during the past decade has been the increasing willingness of newspaper men to examine themselves and the responsibilities of their job in an almost clinical spirit of criticism.

Technical progress in the newspaper industry has been slow. Publishers in the past have not been as quick as other businessmen to use the tool of research to improve their product. Harry Eybers, production manager of the *Washington Post*, recently declared that "We are in a rut", and pointed out that American newspapers, with a gross of $4 billion in 1954, spent only $200,000 on research. Figures for Canada are not available, but it is fair to assume that even less was being spent here than in the United States. But publishers are coming out of their coma. Here are some of the things now being developed:

A typing machine that will handle a line at the rate of 6,000 words a minute; transmission of color pictures on high-speed communication circuits; a method of photo-composition involving fast etching on a magnesium plate (eliminating the stereotype process) which will mean lighter, cheaper and faster presses; a relatively inexpensive machine for making color plates which will enable small dailies to use color pictures; much faster methods of distributing a heavier volume of news.

What all this adds up to is the production of newspapers much better equipped to give readers more news, better written and edited and more attractively presented.

It will not happen this year or next year. But there could be a revolution in the newspaper industry during the next fifteen years as astonishing as the one that has taken place elsewhere in the field of communications during the past fifteen

The News that Canadians are Given to Read

NEWS	Local	Provincial	Ottawa (Gov.)	Other Canadian	U.K.	Common-wealth	U.S.	Other Foreign
Montreal	57.0%	3.0%	6.0%	6.5%	4.5%	3.0%	15.0%	5.0%
Toronto	51.0%	15.0%	5.8%	4.5%	5.4%	2.8%	10.2%	5.3%
Vancouver	57.6%	6.5%	3.9%	8.7%	1.6%	0.4%	13.4%	7.9%
Winnipeg	55.2%	12.6%	12.1%	3.9%	3.1%	0.4%	7.7%	5.0%
Ottawa	55.5%	15.3%	2.8%	10.7%	2.7%	0.6%	9.2%	3.2%

PICTURES	Local	Canadian	Others
Montreal	80%	1%	19%
Toronto	68%	13%	19%
Vancouver	68%	22%	10%
Winnipeg	75%	2%	23%
Ottawa	80%	4%	16%

Percentages represent the total space given each kind of news by all the English dailies in the cities listed. They show the proportion between the named categories, not the share of the total "news hole". Survey covered news during the last week in February.

Is the Shakespeare Festival drifting towards artistic sterility? And how can the present course be altered?

Tamburlaine: Shadow Over Stratford

by Nathan Cohen

THE MYSTERY is that the Stratford Shakespearean Foundation should ever have joined in so unrewarding a project as *Tamburlaine the Great.*

Two explanations present themselves, and dovetail: the mystique that arose here about Tyrone Guthrie, and the deeply-rooted Canadian conviction that our cultural efforts mean nothing unless they are commended abroad. We still cannot understand as a fact that the one valid reason for sending our artists to foreign lands is not to find out if they are good, but to show other countries how good they are.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet did not come to New York for a certificate of merit; it had earned that at home. So had Marcel Marceau, the *Comedie Française,* the Old Vic, the dancers of Bali, the National Folk Ballet of Jugoslavia, the Kabuki of Japan, the Habimah of Israel, and the many others to whom the American metropolis has gladly played host. The time for a company to go on an international mission is when it has established itself at home, is qualified—in reality as well as frenzied theory—to fly the native banner.

There is nothing like a march by Canadians to the promised land of Broadway to fire us with patriotic ardor. The mere news of such a venture touches off an orgy of emotional flag-waving, and one can predict to the last tremor the subsequent course of events, especially in Toronto, where the show will have its try-out pains.

Once the official word is given, publicity spurts out in mad profusion. There is a big advance order of tickets, and an influx of out-of-town critics eager to immortalize the shining natal hour. Makers of opinion in the press and mass media hail the undertaking as gratifying proof of our eminence in the world of culture. A gala first night audience applauds the cast, and the papers carry jubilant reports the next day about the triumphant opening, the glory that is, and the greater glory to come.

The next stage of the proceedings begins with the appearance of the serpents of doubt. The song of rapture is disturbed by voices questioning the production, the merit of the play, or even perhaps the wisdom of the whole enterprise. The dissenters are shouted down or ignored, but their existence leads to a hedging in prophecy by the show's more vociferous partisans. By the time the actors are ready to cross the border and lay themselves on the ultimate bourne, the country seems to be in a fever of hope and expectation. The sceptics are silent. The enthusiasts have cast out all uncertainty. The tension is acute.

The famous name on Broadway.

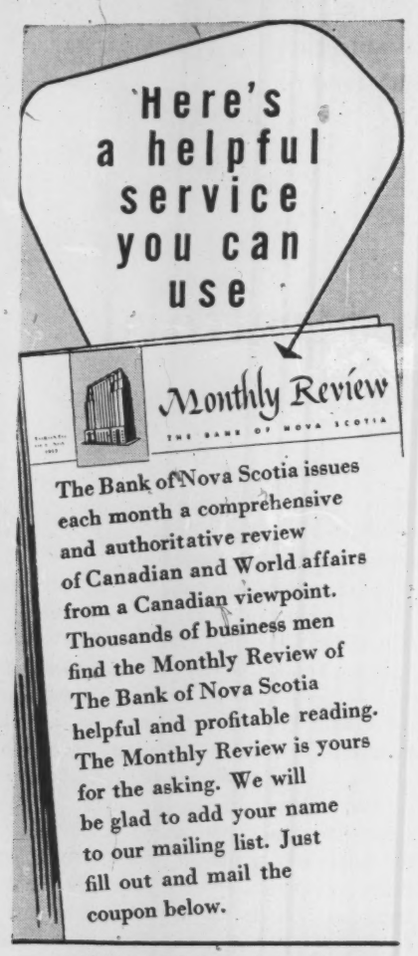
The final stage is a post-mortem on the show's failure. There is a generous rethrashing of the previously-prepared alibis, coupled with insincere assurances that Broadway's judgment does not matter, and that we have no reason to regret our part in the affair which was not, anyway, as we knew all along, a true example of Canadian talent and capability.

"The Festival standard of production has declined steadily . . . It is an open secret that the actors are demoralized . . . Unless either of the policies here suggested is adopted soon the Festival bids well to become — and no tub thumping can save it — another of the Canadian success stories written on water."

In all essential details, the story of the *Tamburlaine the Great* fiasco adhered to the above described pattern with slavish fidelity. To this writer, who described the play in his review as an Elizabethean horror comic and its production as an old-fashioned bore, the incident is notable mainly for the extremes of self-delusion it evoked during a brief life span. At first, success seemed a sure thing in the eyes of the believers. After all, *Tamburlaine* was being presented by the Stratford Shakespearean Foundation of Canada, with Tyrone Guthrie as director. The combination was unbeatable; nothing could go wrong.

When prudence dictated second thoughts —disaster, though unlikely, was possible— the critical fraternity offered an edifying lesson in the arts of fence-straddling and the manufacture of excuses in advance. One Montreal observer even hinted darkly of American xenophobia, and hoped "there will be no lurking in ambush, as so often happens, when a big production is imported to New York".

In the excitement of the occasion, we had braced ourselves for spectacular success or failure. So anxious were some publications for the former that they succumbed to wishful dreaming, and declared *Tamburlaine* a hit on the strength of four kindly notices in the New York daily press. It remained a hit until, two and a half weeks later, and six weeks before the scheduled end of the run, the closing announcement was posted. At this point, it was recalled that the show had an American co-sponsor, and it was discovered also that a Broadway blessing is of no consequence. A Toronto reviewer reminded his readers that New York does not necessarily support the best of theatre any more than it rejects the worst. Quite true. Still, it should have been obvious to him that if a first night audience in Toronto, which desperately wanted to like the entertainment, was restive, and had to be urged by a claque of investors into giving the cast more than two encores, the chances of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Americans' responding more favorably were exceedingly slight.

Now certainly the commercial fate of *Tamburlaine* is unimportant, and would not be mentioned here except for the general disposition, on both sides of the border, to judge theatre purely as a business commodity and to assess it first of all in terms of the box office. If *Tamburlaine* had been revealing of Canadian ability, and indicative of the new concept of staging Shakespeare and his contemporaries, which is the real distinction of Stratford, there would be every right to take pride in it, and no need for apology or rationale.

Unfortunately these claims cannot be made for it. For one thing the star, an exceptionally able actor, and the nominal co-star, an exceptionally poor one, were both brought over from England, as were the scenic designer and the composer of the incidental music. The play itself — a dinosaur of a story which had lain decently ossified in university libraries for three centuries until Dr. Guthrie tried, for the second time, to revive it—was afforded a conventional and uninspired proscenium arch presentation. The influence of the Stratford stage was nowhere visible; it was a noisy, plodding, pocket-sized edition of a Cecil B. DeMille kind of epic, without VistaVision.

The Canadian contribution was limited to the use of the Stratford name in the billing, the provision of an inexpensive rehearsal-hall, and the casting of members of the company in thankless supporting roles and as extras. Most of the American comments made no mention of the Canadian players. Only a handful of critics acknowledged the Stratford affiliation. In sum, even if by some fluke *Tamburlaine* had won acclaim, Canada still would have reaped just a tiny fraction of the honors.

As for Dr. Guthrie, the salient fact is that he made the Stratford Festival a success. There is no question of it, and we are all grateful to him for his vision and inspiration. But gratitude ought not to mean blind adoration, and that his palpable shortcomings — his contempt for a play's human qualities, his indifference to its verse and meaning, his disdain for the actors as creative performers and his obsession with pictorial effects—should be glossed over and transformed into virtues. Undiscriminating hero worship led to the conclusion, though, that he was above error, that his talents were inexhaustible, his advice infallible.

To blame Dr. Guthrie altogether for the *Tamburlaine* misadventure is grossly unfair. In his fashion he loves Canada. The most he can be held to account for is the dismal, and thoroughly unexpected, stodginess of the presentation. The real responsibility lies with the Festival's governors, whose complacency and short-sightedness deceived them into thinking, until the bubble burst, that anything bearing the Stratford label and the Guthrie stamp was bound to succeed.

In that sense, the *Tamburlaine* reverse may have a salutary effect. It seems unlikely that the New York experience will imperil the Festival, although it may hurt attendance this coming season, and won't make it easier to raise funds for a theatre building to replace the present tent. But social institutions are notoriously hardy, and the Festival is now entrenched as a tourist lure. In any case, there are more crucial matters to worry about.

The really disquieting fact is that, since its first year, the Festival's standard of production has declined steadily, and that those running it, aside from concurring in every Guthrie proposal, have no policy at all. It is an open secret that the actors are demoralized; many are known to be mulling over invitations to go to the Shakespearean Festival in Connecticut. It does not help the situation either that, with Guthrie gone, the active directorship now reposes with a disciple of his, Michael Langham, who, in three shows given in Toronto two years ago, displayed no power or style, and whose contribution to Stratford last season revealed a singular lack of confidence both in the three-sided, multiple-level stage and his all-Canadian cast. Plainly, the immediate artistic future of Stratford does not look bright.

What is necessary is the taking of a sober, long-range view. Stratford's real value lies in the development of a large group of actors trained to perform in the classics, and able to bring to bear on them, and on all other plays, a quality individual and illuminating. This will not happen by spontaneous combustion, or by having as guest stars Hollywood celebrities and West End actors ill at ease with the English language, or by putting the stress in production on the visual aspect.

There are two ways of achieving it. One is by calling in a director-teacher for a five-year or longer term, and asking him to work exclusively and howsoever he chooses with Canadian personnel, regardless of the commercial risk. The other is by inviting the leading interpreters of the classics in the English-speaking world, the finest actors and directors, to consider Stratford a second home, a place where they can delight, shock and blast themselves and us into a new awareness of the dramatic impulse, and from whose insights and skills our people will draw creative nourishment.

At the moment, the Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada is drifting helplessly toward artistic sterility. Unless either of the policies here suggested is adopted soon, the Festival bids well to become—and no tub-thumping will save it—another of the many Canadian cultural success stories written on water.

"To color, distort and even falsify the facts"—This tendency to manage the news for diplomatic purposes is growing even among the democratic governments.

Behind World Headlines

by Adrian Liddell Hart

INTERNATIONAL news does not differ in substance from national or even local news —only in the way in which the reader is involved.

First, there is news of events of immediate, political importance — events of such universal significance that they clearly affect all readers or events which, for some obvious reason, concern many of the readers to whom the article is directed. Then, there is news (not necessarily "hot") which may arouse interest on account of its sensation, sentiment, picturesqueness or other factor. Often in this category, there is an "associative" interest; events in Britain or the U.S., for example, are likely to interest Canadians more than similar events in countries with which they are less familiar, in person or in tradition. Such stories tend to be mainly concerned with people. Finally there is the news—it may be so seemingly incidental or "cold" that it is not news at all in the ordinary sense —which has a long-term significance in its influence on events of more obvious importance or in its profounder effect on the condition of society. This kind of news is often focused on ideas.

Straight reporting of important news has become more complicated in several respects during recent years. Notably, the increasing security-consciousness is handicapping the reporter. Current facts, future plans and even historical records which were once available, are now classified and restricted. The field where this applies most obviously, is in atomic energy where hushed-up matters, like the effects of radiation and fall-out, have an equally obvious interest for everyone. But there has been an increasing tendency, too, for the authorities to restrict any news which might have an adverse effect on current diplomatic negotiations, and even on diplomatic relations in general.

Noted foreign correspondents like James Reston of the *New York Times*, have also been charging that U.S. Government Departments are showing a growing inclination to "manage the news" for diplomatic purposes—to color, distort and even falsify the facts. When I started to edit the official journal of the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations in 1945, I was surprised at the substantial difference in many instances between the record of what was actually said at a meeting and the record that many delegates produced later, after consultation with their headquarters, and expected to be substituted for the original with the old dating.

This "doctoring" is coupled with the increasing use—and misuse—of public relations in most spheres of activity. The complexity of modern life and the growth of large-scale interdependent organizations, wielding tremendous powers over a wide field, necessitate some form of public relations. Unfortunately PR tends to be used as a means of withholding as well as releasing the facts.

The laziness of many reporters and the practice of recruiting comparatively well-paid public relations staffs from the ranks of working journalists also help to promote a form of co-operation inimical to good reporting. One of the effects and, indeed, the purposes of PR is to discourage access to those who might be able and willing to give the facts—the busy boss or the indiscreet subordinate.

Independent "sources" are drying up. The number of people who are in a position to know what is going on and are at the same time in a position (legally or financially) to speak their mind in the interest of an informed public opinion, is diminishing in the democratic countries. I realized this most clearly when I worked as a Lobby Correspondent in the British House of Commons after the war. This institution of a Parliamentary Lobby (quite distinct from the official reporting of debates and the haphazard gathering of gossip) was in a tradition well adapted to maintaining the influence of the fourth estate in a semi-aristocratic society. Sources were never named—but their authority was usually taken for granted. In a society of rigid party machines and press conferences and a mass, uninformed public opinion, this tradition becomes an anachronism.

The task of straight reporting has also been complicated by the fact that, while the material gets ever more plentiful and, thanks to the efforts of PR, ever more available in a fashion, the space provided by editors and publishers by no means keeps pace. Papers like the *London Daily Mirror* and the *New York Daily News* can afford to ignore the whole business and pick out just the odd and usually irrelevant item that will entertain their readers. The high-brow papers have the space to print the obvious and yet give adequate attention to international news as a whole. The middle-brow papers suffer most, for they still feel it their duty to publish all these long reports of the latest Eden-Eisenhower meeting, for example, which cynical journalists like Randolph Churchill may dismiss for their triteness. And then they have no room for anything else.

However, there are degrees of triteness against which even the middle-brow papers revolt. Cases in point are royal tours. Hence we get more foreign "news" of the picturesque kind. These reports often increase misunderstanding rather than understanding. The reports of the royal tour in Nigeria drew protests from the Nigerians because of the allegedly undue emphasis on "emirs and elephants". And ironically, the Canadians (who were included amongst the offenders in Nigeria) are resentful when the British and Americans print news of Canada, which deals with Mounties and Indians rather than new factories and exhibitions. No nation can regard itself objectively as a source

James Reston, Arthur Koestler, Randolph Churchill: Getting at the facts.

of interest — or entertainment — to its neighbors.

As a result of the reaction against the dullness and inevitable repetitiveness of straight international news, more and more attention is being given to that kind of international news which has to do with social trends and phenomena, and with ideas. This is the kind of journalism in which Arthur Koestler was already excelling before the War. With colorful background-reporting, it has been developed by Graham Greene, for example, in his despatches from Indo-China—a kind of news-reporting into novel-writing. Some of this writing evidently aims to make the reader feel a participant in a drama. At the same time the clinical or anthropological approach has become popular—the reader is invited to study groups of foreigners, and even his own neighbors, as though they were specimens under a microscope or members of an African tribe. This approach contrasts with the old-style polemics, which used to engage the reader with passion and principle. Much of this reporting, of course, is in the nature of a comment, though it often gives the impression of being objective and factual, like the *Time* magazine formula for assembling a large number of more or less accurate but often irrelevant details.

Interpreting the news is governed by one great principle. This is the paramount importance of the truth, not only in accuracy of detail, but in an overall approximation to reality. This is, perhaps, a truism, but there is a surprising number of people in the Press who feel, in practice, that the truth should be modified by such considerations as "sense of responsibility", "good taste", a desire to comfort the reader, and a desire not to upset useful "sources". Far too many want to be amateur diplomats out of a misguided sense of duty or importance. In Evelyn Wrench's new biography of Geoffrey Dawson, the powerful and eventually disastrous Editor of the *London Times*, before the War, Dawson is quoted as recording: "I did my utmost, night after night, to keep out of the paper anything that might hurt their (German) susceptibilities".

Churchill: No rigid patterns.

There is nothing more contemptible than the "let's cheer on the home-team" approach to international and political news —usually accompanied by sporting metaphors. Criticism should not necessarily be conditioned by a constructive alternative— the critic who leaves his readers in a healthy state of doubt is committing no crime. Nor is absolute consistency a prerequisite. People themselves are not consistent and, as that well-known journalist, Sir Winston Churchill has insisted, it is a mistake to impose a rigidly consistent pattern on the interpretation of events.

One of the indispensable aids to the interpretation of the news is a sense of history. Everyone wants, in the end, to feel that he "belongs" in history. This is part of the great strength and attraction of the Communist philosophy. And it is not necessary to subscribe to Communism or other semi-determinist beliefs (like those of Toynbee) in order to prefer that current events should be related to historical trends and set in perspective.

It is useful to have a sense of the dramatic. This can be inspired by a realization of the way in which sheer chance does affect the course of events, and by a lively appreciation of the conflicts and tensions in society. Much dullness in commenting on "serious matters" comes from ignoring or glossing over these conflicts.

It is, however, a general weakness of newspapermen today that they tend to be tied to what the editor of the *Spectator* calls the "Establishment" and too often to the Government itself. Hence the news from countries like Germany, to give a familiar instance, has long reflected a much greater degree of support for the regime in power than really exists. Time and again, commentators are one step behind, instead of one step ahead of, a change.

World news coverage in the Canadian press largely consists of foreign agency reports and, to a lesser extent, of the reproduction of foreign commentaries and interpretative articles. The first-hand reports of Canadians who accompanied the Hon. Lester Pearson to Moscow last year, were both naive and confusing in the light of subsequent "explanations".

Too much of the secondary news reporting from Canadians seems primarily concerned to show how much Canadians are loved abroad—a proposition that may be true but does not bear much repetition.

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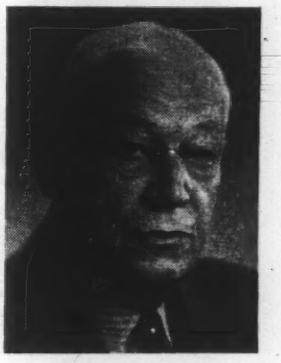
News With a Divining Rod

WHENEVER two or three ex-employees of the *Star* get together, the discussion settles down to familiar debate: Was Owner J. E. Atkinson or his son-in-law, Managing Editor Harry C. Hindmarsh, responsible for the sensational development of the *Toronto Star?* There has never been any final judgment.

Harry Comfort Hindmarsh was born in Bismarck, New Jersey, in 1887. He grew up and was educated in Canada, graduating from the University of Toronto in 1909. He was editor of *Varsity* during his final year, and, on graduating, joined the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, as a reporter. In 1911 he transferred to the *Star*, and his career there was a steady ascent — city hall reporter, wire editor, assistant city editor, managing editor, vice-president, and, finally, president.



H. C. Hindmarsh

In 1915, he married Ruth Atkinson, only daughter of Joseph Atkinson. Eventually he and his family, which by now consisted of two sons and two daughters, settled on a large estate in Oakville. A son, Harry, and a son-in-law, A. E. Armstrong, are both members of the *Star* staff, and until the passing of the Charitable Gifts Act in 1949, it seemed likely that the *Star* would remain permanently in the hands of a family dynasty.

When Harry Hindmarsh joined the staff of the *Star* in 1911 there were six Toronto newspapers in circulation and the *Star* was the smallest and least influential of the six. In the fierce competition that followed, three of the competitors disappeared, and the *Star* emerged as the strongest of the survivors.

There can be no doubt that the paper owed its early development at least to the combined efforts of three remarkable newspaper men: Owner Joseph Atkinson, City Editor H. C. Hindmarsh, and Managing Editor John R. Bone. All three had a sense of dedication to newspaper work which every employee was expected to share. All were possessed by a drive for circulation so undeviating that any conflicts among themselves could be resolved. They had, all three, a fearful genius for the Common Touch.

As son-in-law of the owner, H. C. Hindmarsh had undoubted advantages. He must have profited, too, by association with John R. Bone, a newspaper man who could go over the morning press like a diviner with a bent hazel twig, uncovering sources that no one else would ever have suspected. (It was Managing Editor Bone, for instance, who dug out an innocent news item in the morning paper and had his entire staff deployed, several jumps ahead of the police, on the famous Cosmetics Murder of the Twenties.)

But H. C. Hindmarsh had his own formidable aptitudes. The least sentimental of men, he has always had his own peculiar divining rod for locating profitable wells of public sentiment. In addition, his talent as a news organizer is brilliant and unquestioned. Long before a story breaks he is accustomed to having his troops in position, with every position pin-pointed and every man briefed down to the last detail. If possible, he would like to have a story organized, written and on the presses before it actually takes place. On occasion he has even made it possible. For instance, the coronation story was written, with only the details of weather and incident to be filled in, long before the state coach began to roll. When other newspapers were still receiving cabled accounts, the *Star* coronation story was already off the presses.

The toughness of the Hindmarsh regime has become a legend, and probably the grimmest part of the legend has to do with the firing of a score of newspaper men and photographers one Christmas Eve. It is still a matter of debate whether H. C. Hindmarsh acted as an executive or simply as chief executioner in the Christmas Eve massacre. "Nothing of the sort could happen today," a *Star* employee said recently to the writer. The change of policy may have followed on the death of Joseph Atkinson, or on the introduction of the Newpaper Guild (an innovation that the *Star* fought bitterly for years), or simply on some mellowing in the character of H. C. Hindmarsh himself.

One reporter worked for two years on the *Star*, without exchanging a word with the City Editor. Others, however, were treated with minute and searching solicitude. Were they smoking too much, keeping late hours, forming undesirable habits? It is possible that under his massive and rather menacing exterior H. C. Hindmarsh has some wistful longing for friend-

"Credit Union has encouraged savings all along the line"

reports Captain Herbert Spencer Jones, Operations Manager, Maritime Central Airways

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ly recognition, for on one occasion he reproached a reporter sadly because, alone among the members of the staff, he didn't greet the editor with a morning smile. The reporter had no explanation to offer, and was subsequently fired. Since his pay envelope continued, however, he remained on the staff and, though openly fired on several following occasions, continued to draw his salary. He left eventually of his own volition and this time the breach was final. It was a peculiarity of the paper that if you were fired and stayed on it was a sign of loyalty, whereas if you left voluntarily you were guilty of treachery.

Rows at this period were frequent and stimulating. Once a photographer blacked the eye of the assistant city editor and on another occasion an outraged desk man drove on Editor Hindmarsh himself with a pair of clipping shears.

However much prosperity the *Star* owed to J. E. Atkinson, H. C. Hindmarsh's part in the paper's development is rarely discounted, even by his most enthusiastic detractors. When *Life* was still a comic weekly, he foresaw the part that photography was to play in modern journalism, and as far back as the early Twenties his demand for pictures was insatiable. If reporters weren't actually ordered to strip pictures off the walls of outraged citizens, no reporter ever got a black mark for trying.

While working for the *Star,* I was sent out to interview a Toronto visitor who had been on trial for murder some years before. She had been acquitted, but the trial had been a sensational one and even ten years later she was still considered a front-page story. She turned out to be a pleasant brunette, very patient and polite, and we chatted for half an hour while I tried to discover some suitable formula for the suggestion that came with the assignment—"Ask her if she murdered her sister". It eluded me till the end, but she gave me her picture before we parted.

Fortunately, the picture was worth a thousand words. She had been photographed looking over her shoulder and she was wearing a decolletage that would have been sensational on any subject in any period. The picture was run that night, blown up four columns wide. Nobody bothered to ask me about a story.

The changes that have come over the *Star* since Mr. Atkinson's death have been gradual but unmistakable.

J. E. Atkinson was interested in writing, both good and bad, and frequently showed a preference for the bad over the good. He liked the overwritten passage, the richly florid style, the staggering pun and the complicated allusion. For a while, anyone who could command this peculiar idiom was certain of a by-line.

Except for routine reporting, a direct and factual style got little encouragement. Ernest Hemingway, in the early part of

his short period on the *Star* was assigned to cover the postwar tour of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, and their daughter Megan. It was an exhausting assignment and Hemingway covered it single-handed and completely, in his own uncompromising style, reporting events precisely as he saw them and leaving the implications to the reader. Mr. Atkinson was deeply disappointed, and on his return Hemingway was demoted to the *Star Weekly*.

Hemingway's outraged reaction to this treatment no doubt strengthened Editor Hindmarsh's prejudice against writers capable of any dedication outside the *Star*. He has always suspected that if you scratch a feature writer you find a writing prima donna, and under his management the paper has taken on an anonymous and featureless quality. Columnists flourish in increasing numbers on competitive newspapers, but apart from review columns, commentary in the *Star* is confined largely to the editorial page.

It is possible that the *Star's* recent slight drop in circulation (now 388,830) may be partly traced to this policy. Under ordinary circumstances H. C. Hindmarsh would find the remedy for the trouble, for no one understands better than he the secret of circulation. For the *Star,* however, circumstances are no longer normal.

Under the Charitable Gifts Act passed by the Ontario Government in 1949, no charitable foundation can remain in private hands after seven years. The Act, which was made retroactive, applies to the Foundation established by J. E. Atkinson, and under its terms the *Star* must be sold this year.

The problem this creates has occupied a large part of H. C. Hindmarsh's attention over the past few years. It may well have become something of an obsession with him, for at the *Star* reunion dinner, held in 1954, he made the Charitable Gifts Act the entire subject of his after-dinner speech. During the speech he suggested that the CCF and Liberal parties should join hands and wrest power from the Conservative Government — presumably so that the new party could annul the Charitable Gifts Act and make the annulment retroactive. The speech sounded aggrieved rather than confident.

The dinner itself was notable on several counts. It was one of the rare occasions on which Mr. Hindmarsh has consented to make a public appearance. He was there as guest of honor, he had agreed to make a speech, and this too represented a shattering of precedent. The attendance was overwhelming and for most of the guests it was their first glimpse of the editor outside the City room. At one point there were almost as many suppressed cat-calls as there were hearty cheers; and it is characteristic of H. C. Hindmarsh that he accepted cheers and cat-calls with equal impassivity.

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OTTAWA LETTER

How the Press Gallery Works

by John A. Stevenson

WHEN this writer first joined the parliamentary press gallery in 1918, it was a very small body with a membership of about 25. The Canadian Press had just begun to function as a nation-wide organization and only the largest Canadian papers had their own correspondents. The *Times* was the only British paper which had its representative, and not a single American paper felt the need of a special correspondent.

Nearly all the members of the gallery were keen political partisans, striving to extol the merits and exploits of their favored party and expose the frailties and errors of its opponents. Most of them had to write long, detailed stories of the proceedings at each sitting of the House of Commons, and they reinforced the reports at intervals with special stories about current issues of importance and sketches of eminent performers upon the parliamentary stage. So meagre was their interest in the activities of the Senate that this body hired a member of the gallery to give it the publicity that it regarded as its due.

The accommodation allocated to the gallery was fully adequate for work in peace and comfort; the desks were spaced well apart and when all the members were gathered for a meeting in its reception room, it was not overcrowded. Formal press conferences were rare. At intervals the Prime Minister or some lesser member of the Cabinet, who had important information to divulge, would summon the press gallery to his room and unfold his story, but the habit, now common, of subjecting distinguished visitors to the ordeal of a press conference had not developed.

Many Ministers were addicted to cultivating a close confidential relationship with some sympathetic member of the gallery and to using him as an agent for leaking out information, to inform the public, or to "fly political kites". But even the most inveterate partisans were capable of outbursts of independence and would occasionally apply the lash of criticism to their own party or prominent figures in it. There were no feminine members of the gallery; in the early twenties a bitter civil war was waged before the late Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner was admitted as the first representative of her sex.

Today only one other member of the press gallery of 1918 besides myself survives in it, and it has undergone a wholesale transformation. Its regular membership has risen to 77 and in addition there are 10 associate members, chiefly correspondents for weeklies, who cannot meet the basic requirement for membership, employment as a salaried staff representative of a daily newspaper or accredited news service.

The personnel of The Canadian Press,

now 11, has been trebled; some of the most important Canadian newspapers have two or three correspondents during the session and numerous papers, unrepresented 40 years ago, now have their own correspondent. Of the British papers, the *Times,* the *Manchester Guardian,* the *Daily Telegraph,* the Kelmsley group and Reuter's Agency have special correspondents in Ottawa and others are served regularly by various members of the gallery. The apathy of the American press towards Canadian affairs has been steadily diminishing. In 1920 the greatest paper in the United States, the *New York Times,* published only casual correspondence, paid for at space rates, from Canada; today it maintains a well-manned bureau in Ottawa and its work is supplemented by the contribution of "stringer" correspondents in the leading Canadian cities. The Luce organization, which controls *Time, Life* and *Fortune,* has its own bureau with a substantial staff. The *Chicago Tribune* has a resident correspondent, while many of the other important papers in the United States command the services of some member. There are also in the gallery four journalists from Europe, representing the *Agence-Presse France,* the German Press Agency, the *Tass* Agency (Russian) and the *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* (Swiss). But the number of feminine members is still only three, and has never exceeded that modest figure.

One result of the large increase in the membership of the gallery is that the desks of the members are packed as close as herrings in a barrel. Some years ago a temporary remedy for the overcrowding was devised through the allocation of a large section of one of the main corridors on the third floor of the Parliament Building for the accommodation of the overflow. Even this reinforcement of space leaves the gallery bearing some resemblance to the famous Black Hole of Calcutta in hot weather.

The technique of the labors of the press gallery has also undergone a great change in the last two decades. Its members, who still treat the Senate with more or less contempt, leave the detailed accounts of the daily proceedings of the House of Commons largely to The Canadian Press and only write about the highlights of each sitting.

They still cater assiduously to the special interests of the locality their paper serves, but they produce also many more short stories about interesting episodes or aspects of important legislation. They write freely about foreign affairs and their impact upon Canadian policies, and have to pay considerable attention to the large crop of social legislation which has sprouted in recent years and to its financial and other consequences.

Bitter political partisanship has become

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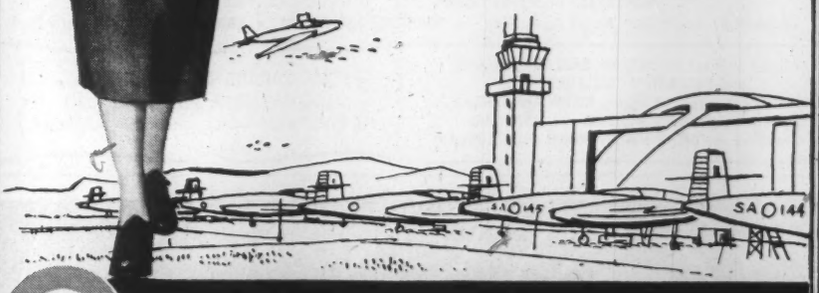

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unfashionable in the gallery and it would be difficult to put a definite party label on a substantial contingent of its members. Today there are many communities in Canada with only one daily paper and as it has readers of all political faiths, its Ottawa correspondent is usually under instructions to write about events in Parliament with judicious impartiality. This need to preserve a balance is apt to blunt the edge of writing and suppress the use of the barbs which used to be freely employed as weapons. No members of the gallery today would dare, in writing about a Liberal convention, to say as the late John Munro of the *Toronto Telegram* once did that when the delegates assembled "Ottawa looked as if Captain Kidd had anchored in the Rideau Canal and his crew were on shore leave".

Some years ago, when the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was loath to allow critics of the Government to proclaim their views, some members of the gallery, fearful of losing profitable fees for broadcasts, were disposed to see merit in all the activities of the Government and reserve their strictures for its opponents. But now that the CBC gives reasonably free scope on the air to critics of the Government, this form of restraint no longer operates.

There is still in the gallery a sprinkling of docile lackeys of the ruling Government, who are fond of boasting of their close intimacy with Ministers and act as useful agents for disseminating propaganda favorable to the Government. But they are a tiny minority.

Another noteworthy change has been the emergence on the national payroll of a large flock of public relations officials and information officers. No department is without one and some have a substantial staff. From their offices there flows into the gallery a steady stream of communiques and memoranda, much of which is consigned to waste-paper baskets. Often these documents merely state bald facts or announce appointments, but too often they have a strong flavor of propaganda designed to place the policies of the Government or a special department in a highly favorable light.

Most intelligent members of the gallery have acquired the habit of scanning these releases with a vigilant eye and have developed an ability to sift out the useful information from the subtle propaganda. It would be perhaps unfair to suggest that the Government deliberately obstructs the press gallery from securing accurate information about its backslidings and errors of judgment. But it often takes meticulous care to ensure that dangerous information is kept under wraps as long as possible and, when further concealment is impossible, to ensure that it is presented to the public in a form which will cause the minimum of political damage.

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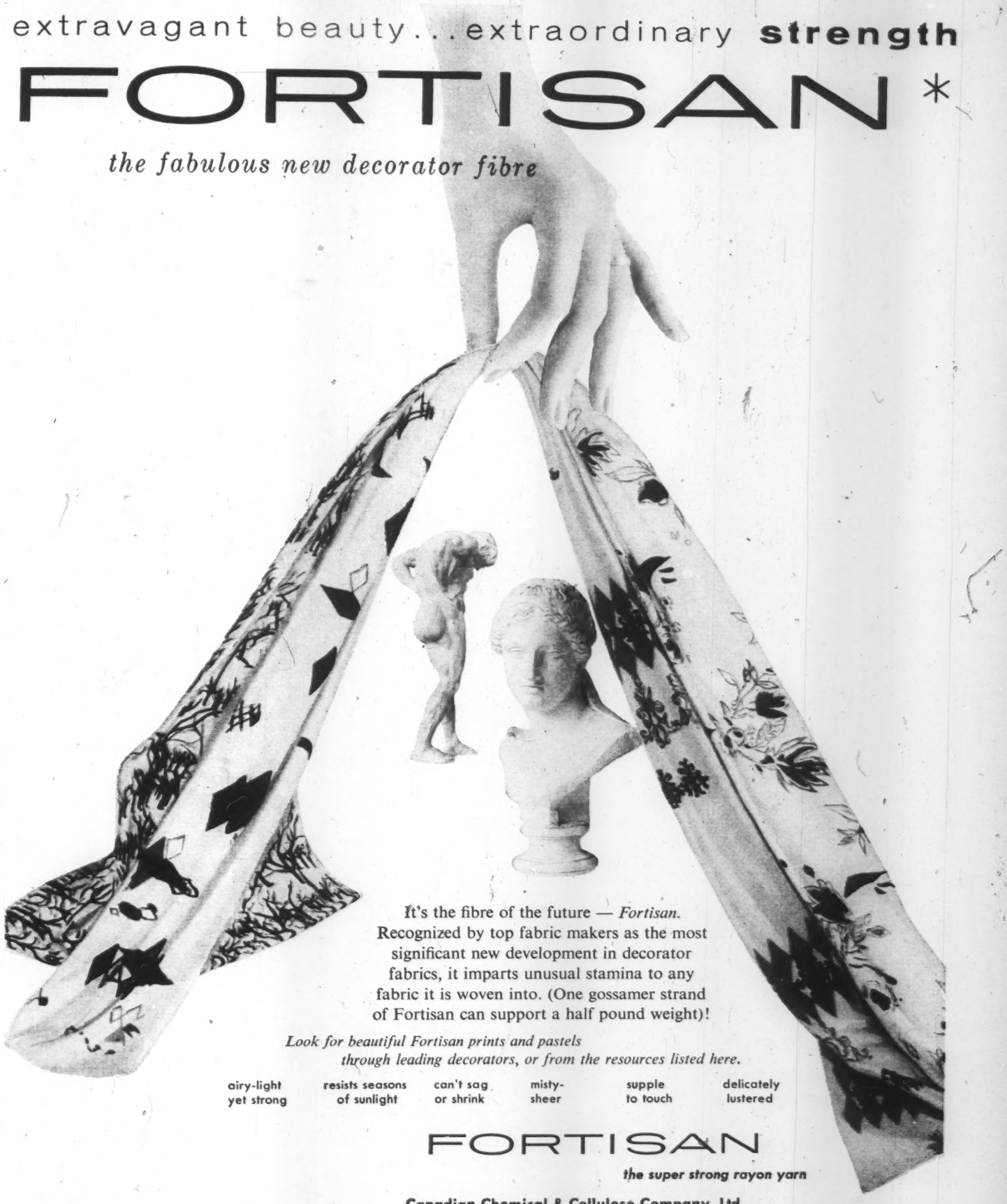

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Exercise in Diablerie

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Claire Bloom and Sir Laurence Olivier.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke: Edward IV.

Sir Raiph Richardson: Buckingham.

SIR LAURENCE Olivier's *Richard III* is gangster melodrama played in the court costume of the fifteenth century. The play is taken headlong, with evil built to such toppling heights that the audience waits between terror and fierce anticipation for the moral purgative of Bosworth Field. Less experimental and deliberate than either *King Henry V* or *Hamlet,* its approach suggests that Sir Laurence has now acquired full confidence in the screen's ability to carry the weight of Shakespeare, on Shakespeare's terms as well as the screen's.

The sharp pace is essential, for Richard's villainies are so open and shocking that it is necessary to skip as lightly as possible over the credulity he is able to establish among the trusting Plantagenets—including the ones who were willing to do a deal with him on his own infamous terms. Fortunately, Richard himself is one of the Bard's most fascinating villains. The form may be melodramatic, but Richard's evil is a thing of the spirit, for Shakespeare's scoundrels at their blackest were never "heavy" villains. They had wit and movement, and a kind of malignant hobgoblin spryness. This is the way José Ferrer played Iago, and it is the way Olivier plays his Richard. It is an exercise in *diablerie* that makes credulity irrelevant.

He has had, of course, full treatment from the make-up department—the hump, the mutilated hand, the built-up Plantagenet nose. This is the traditional portrait of Richard III, along with the sprung gait and the hooded baleful eye. Olivier, however, has his own contribution to make, a sort of demoniac energy that brings the portrait and indeed the whole picture to frightening life.

The role of Lady Anne, Richard's wife, is played by Claire Bloom. The long introductory passage in which Anne makes her first appearance has been broken up here into two sequences, possibly to allow an interval in which her abhorrence of Richard might conceivably yield to reluctant consent. Even so, the character seems elusive and fragmentary. Claire Bloom is beautiful and touching in the part, and perhaps it isn't fair to expect her to supply her role with a consistency that Shakespeare himself didn't find necessary.

John Gielgud is cast as the Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of malmsey. He has naturally a pretty doleful time of it. The best role, next to the star's, goes to Ralph Richardson, whose crafty, overreaching Buckingham is a pleasure to watch, particularly through the sequence in which he urges the Crown on Richard for the benefit of a group of doubtful citizens. It is a wonderful comedy act, almost like a skilful parody by the author of Marc Anthony's big scene in *Julius Caesar.*

Picnic is the screen version of the Broadway success about the small-town beauty whose better judgment tells her to settle down to a prosperous marriage and whose foolish heart leads her straight into the arms of a handsome vagrant with a record. Kim Novak is the girl, and William Holden the rather dubious suitor. They have their difficulties with interfering outsiders, but they come through triumphantly and their situation at the end could hardly be more romantic, or their prospects bleaker.

The picnic has been extended to cover about six counties and includes a complete sports program and water festival. (As someone has pointed out, Hollywood's fatal limitation is that it can't admit limitations.)

The Woman for Joe, an English picture, deals with the rather special case of a midget (Jimmy Karoubi) who falls in love with a normal-sized blonde (Diane Cilento). He is a superior midget, obviously a good deal brighter than the circus crowd he associates with. They are kind to him, however, and the owner of the circus even goes to the trouble of trying to set him up with the Princess Circassy, another circus midget who looks like a miniature Mae West. This fills him with horror, and when the girl he loves innocently arranges the same romance for him, there is nothing for him to do except go out and get himself killed on the flying trapeze.

Contemporary history has a frightening way of catching up with George Orwell, and his fable *Animal Farm,* now transferred to the screen in cartoon form, is less a fanciful parody than an immediate parable of our times. Producer Louis de Rochemont has borrowed occasional touches from Disney, but the production, in its violence and ruthlessness, is closer to Disney's *True Life* series than to his comic cartoons.

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Avant-garde and Rearguard

by Robertson Davies

ALTHOUGH I do not think of myself as a stupid man, or a Philistine in matters of literature, I am often humbled and put in doubt by my adventures with books that raise critical hosannas among the *avant-garde*. The latest of these books to make me wonder whether I am not, after all, a donkey, is *Molloy*, by Samuel Beckett.

The author is an Irishman, born in Dublin in 1906; for a time he was James Joyce's secretary, and translated *Anna Livia Plurabelle* into French. He has written poems, plays and novels, which have won him a reputation among connoisseurs of advanced writing, and he has now moved out of the class of little-known authors of promise, into the realm of writers of world renown; his play *Waiting for Godot* (upon which I hope to make a report shortly) has been a great success in France, Germany and England. *Molloy*, which he wrote first in French and translated into English, was published in the U.S.A. late last year. Jean Blanzat, writing in *Le Figaro Litteraire*, says that it is one of the most profound investigations ever written of the disaster of man's destruction: "Deprived of faith for the innumerable reasons science and history have confirmed in their terrible ways, man, the writer, has never stopped trying to account for his disaster," says M. Blanzat. Let us see what *Molloy* has to say on this theme.

It is a story somewhat in the Kafka manner, for we are engulfed from the first page in confusion and mystery, from which now and then, we can pluck scraps of communication which seem to approximate to narrative. I approach the task of describing this narrative with misgiving, for it is nebulous and uncertain, but in a rough general way I picked up the idea that Molloy himself is an old man suffering from a variety of diseases, all nasty, who is wandering about the outskirts of a city; he is filthy and in rags; he lacks most of the emotions which bind mankind together; such relationships as he has with other people, including his hateful decaying mother, are either violent or indecent; he is suffering from a trouble in his legs which at last reduces him to dragging his body through the dirt with his hands. He encounters a man who kills him.

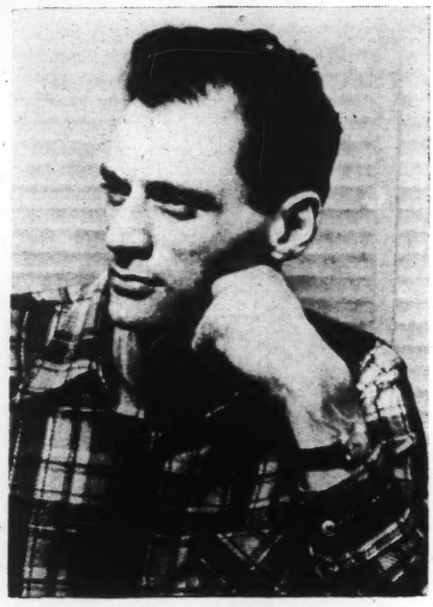
That is what I gather from the book up to page 124. Then the story becomes the inner monologue of Jacques Moran, a detective who is given orders—why and by whom we are not told—to track down Molloy. Moran is a cruel man who tortures his son with purgatives, and puts on a fantastic dress, which includes a huge straw hat with an elastic under his chin, for his chase. He too has leg trouble, for one of his knees makes walking almost impossible. His degradation and sense of loss and failure grow as he pursues his victim. At last he meets a man and kills him without knowing who he is. The man was Molloy.

There you have it, as well as I can tell it. Perhaps if you read the book you will unearth more of the narrative. And if you are truly interested in what is happening in modern literature, quite apart from the world of best-sellers and books which are simply sweetmeats for the mind, perhaps you had better read it.

Although it was baffling and maddeningly uncommunicative as a narrative, I found it quite extraordinarily gripping, and those who acclaim Beckett as a great writer unquestionably have a strong case. There were humorous flashes which were worthy of Joyce himself. But what is he getting at, I asked myself again and again; why does a man who has so striking and original a genius cloud what he has to say in this extraordinary fashion?

The only conclusion I could reach was that Beckett wished to create in his reader

Samuel Beckett: Baffled despair.



Arthur Miller: Cogent dialogue.

precisely that sense of baffled despair which he had created in me. That was what he sought to communicate — that sense of emotional nihilism. He did not want to win his reader; he wanted to repel and shake him. His "message"—to use one of the favorite words of a very different school of writing—was one of lunatic despair, of despair gone beyond sadness or regret.

Well, the only thing to be said is that if you like that sort of thing, here it is, superbly done. And do not deceive yourself that it is easy to do, or even that it is not worth doing. This effect is not achieved by piling on the agony, or by wallowing in horrors; it is achieved by withdrawing everything from life that gives it quality, until what is left is ashes. If you think that is a simple literary feat, try it some time.

In several of the arts during the past fifty years, attempts have been made to create this nihilistic atmosphere. And the proof, for me at least, that the successful ventures in this realm are true works of art is that they leave me with a sense of exhilaration, and of clearer vision. They are neither boring nor depressing, though I personally find them chilling. If you are looking for a literary adventure, try *Molloy*.

After this example of the extreme *avant-garde*, let us turn to two plays and a preface by Arthur Miller, published under the title *A View From The Bridge*. The preface, called "On Social Plays", expresses some opinions on the theatre by Mr. Miller which I found it impossible to follow closely, because he writes in a style which seems to be saying something, but which evades analysis. It is odd that a man who is so admirably cogent in dialogue, should be so woolly in prose. But when he seems to be rising toward lucid-

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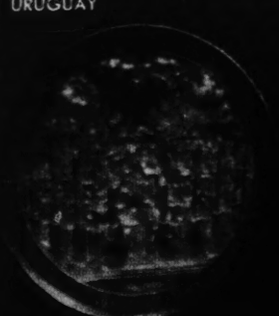

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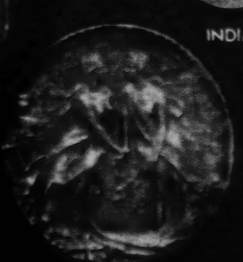

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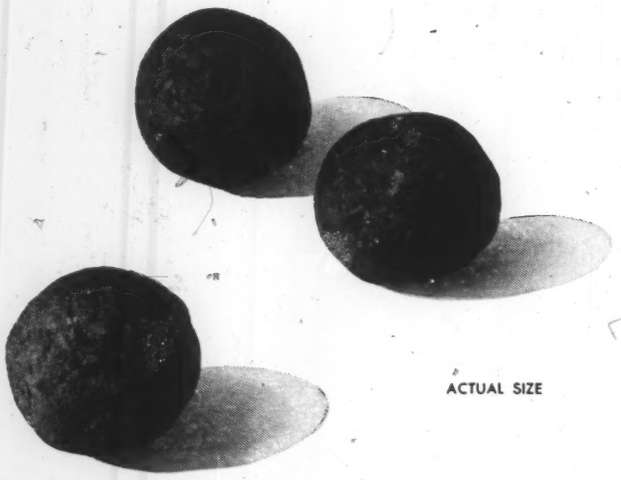

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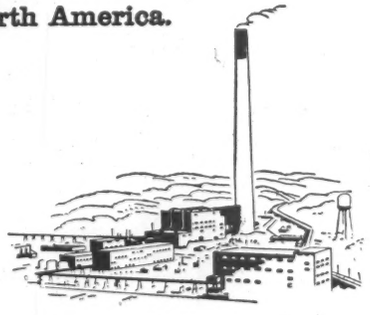

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ity, I gather that Mr. Miller thinks that plays ought to deal with the problem of how people are to live; let them do this, he says, and we shall recapture the greatness of the Greeks.

In the two one-acters which follow, called *A Memory of Two Mondays* and *A View From The Bridge*, he is still a long way from the Greeks, though they are excellent plays. The first deals with a motor-parts warehouse as it appears to a boy who is leaving his job there to go to college. Mr. Miller uncovers the pathos of people caught in trivial jobs, who drink too much and lose their ambition. It is familiar, popular American material, a little over-sweetened. Someday, perhaps, there will be an American playwright who will make the discovery that not every failure is really a wonderful fellow whom life has ill-used; there are quite a few failures who simply prove that Nature is incorrigibly wasteful, and often a botcher.

The second play is a much stronger work, about the smuggling of immigrants into the U.S.A., and a domestic upheaval that follows one such adventure. Strong on the page, it must be powerful indeed on the stage. But I am moved to wonder why, when his characters are in an elevated mood, Mr. Miller causes their speeches to be printed with a jagged right-hand margin. He would not be thinking, would he, that this makes his prose appear as poetry? Surely not; he is too acute an intellect for that.

Having dealt with the *avant-garde*, and some plays with leanings in that direction, I must make brief mention of *The Red Umbrellas*, a book from Denmark in which Kelvin Lindemann seems to be fighting a rearguard action against the modern movement in literature. Within a framework which includes the tried and true effects of a plague which isolates a city, he causes his characters to tell a succession of stories which illuminate their own natures, and those of their companions. Upon the whole the method is successful, although it breaks down now and then and some of the stories fall far short of success. But this graceful, literate, highly sophisticated writing in a bygone manner is so good at its best that it suggests the work of Karen Blixen, and I recommend it warmly. It is a pity that its fine edge is blunted by some very bad proof-reading. I think that you will like it if you also like *Molloy*, for though they seem to be at opposite poles, these two books both depend in the last summing-up on a strong original genius in their authors.

Molloy, by Samuel Beckett—pp. 241—*Grove Press—$3.00.*

A View From The Bridge, by Arthur Miller—pp. 160—*Macmillan—$3.50.*

The Red Umbrellas, by Kelvin Lindemann—pp. 214—*Saunders—$4.50.*

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Bummarees at work: They cock a snook at the law.

LETTER FROM LONDON

Battling Butcher of Bishopsgate

by Beverley Nichols

BUMMAREE is a word which is not much in use in polite society; it is inelegant, coarse and uncompromising; but it is very much the word of the month in London at the moment.

In the Oxford Dictionary it comes between *Bummalo*—("a small fish, found off Southern Asia")—and *Bummer*—("an idler or loafer"). This is as it should be. For *Bummaree* is defined as "a middleman in the fish or meat trade at Billingsgate". And London is very much concerned as to whether the Cockney bummaree is an idler or a loafer, or both. Not only London is concerned, but the law of the land, and the British Constitution, and the British housewife, and the whole darned lot of us. And thereby hangs a tale.

It all began when a certain David Durrant—who has become a national hero under the title of the Battling Butcher of Bishopsgate—decided to move his own meat from Smithfield Market, instead of employing the services of the bummarees, or porters. He had had just about enough of the bummarees, who from all accounts are overpaid, underworked, and insolent into the bargain.

The battling butcher was met with a blank refusal. No bummarees, no meat. So he went to law about it, and won. In the sober atmosphere of the Mayor's and City of London's Court, the Judge ruled that he was fully entitled to move his own meat. That was the law of the land.

So back goes the battling butcher to Smithfield, where the whole market is buzzing with the decision of the Judge. But somebody else had got there first—somebody much more important than a mere judge who, after all, only represents the authority of the Crown. This was the union boss of the bummarees, a certain Spencer Tribe.

Mr. Tribe cocked a snook at the judge. "If this man attempts to move his meat without employing my men, I call a strike," he proclaimed. As a result, the battling butcher went away empty-handed. And the triumphant Mr. Tribe made an announcement to the press which should certainly become historic, if anybody is collecting material for a volume entitled *The Decline and Fall of the Civil Liberties of England*. He proclaimed:

"The judge said he could; the butcher said he would; we said he couldn't; and he didn't."

In other words, in an age where we have the blessings of "full employment", the "worker" is above the law, even if the "worker" is redundant, uneconomic, and doesn't work.

It is an alarming thought, and it becomes even more so if it is considered in conjunction with a host of other restrictive practices which are crippling our recovery. One of the grossest examples is to be seen at Hull docks, in the shape of a floating grain elevator, costing nearly a million

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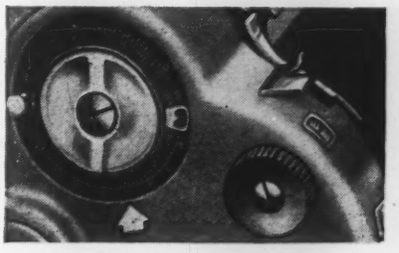

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dollars. This was installed, five months ago, at the urgent request of the dockers. No sooner was it ready to operate than they refused, point blank, to have anything to do with it. Why? Because it only needed eight men—at a very generous estimate, with plenty of time off for tea —to operate it. The dockers said no, it needed twelve. Eight said Authority. Twelve said the men. Meanwhile, the million dollar investment rusts unused.

It is the same throughout the whole structure of industry.

At the same time, to all appearances, London is enjoying fabulous prosperity. The theatres are packed, the stores are packed, the restaurants are packed, and the fact that you have to pay a couple of pounds for a decent meal seems no determent—you do get a decent meal. The standard of British cooking in the past two years has improved out of all knowledge. This is partly due to a remarkable person called Philip Harben—who is the idol of one half of Britain's population of housewives, and the *bête noire* of the other half.

Mr. Harben—whose mother was a distinguished actress—is a tubby little man with a beard, who appears on the screen dressed in a butcher's apron and talks about cooking. He does so with such genius and such dramatic effect that he makes the housewife feel that the gas stove is the setting for a melodrama. I once saw Mr. Harben telling us how to make a cup of tea. The Grand Guignol wasn't in it.

I could write of Olivier's *Richard III,* but feel you may have seen it. However, one production you certainly have not seen is the other Olivier production, Shakespeare's blood-curdling melodrama *Titus Andronicus* at Stratford, with a star cast headed by Vivien Leigh and Olivier

Visiting TV chef with Harben (right).

himself. This is notable not only as a play but as a social phenomenon. Every night so many people in the audience swoon with horror that extra volunteers have been called in by the St. John Ambulance Brigade. As many as twenty have passed out at one performance—most of them at the moment when Titus cuts off his hand. This is done on the stage, in full view of the audience, with the sound of crunching bones in the wings to add to the effect. Quite a lot more swooning happens, too, when Vivien Leigh (off-stage) has her hands cut off and her tongue sliced out. As a minor foot-note to this production—and to the British character—a nice old lady has written a poem condemning the whole thing, and has sent a copy of it, bound in vellum, to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Meanwhile, away from the roar and bustle of the great city, strange things are happening in the quiet fields and woods of England. They add up to a minor revolution in the life of the countryside, and they are all due to that very distressing disease, myxamatosis, which has largely destroyed Britain's population of rabbits.

From my own observations I can confirm many of the conclusions of the distinguished group of scientists who have tabulated the results of this revolution. Some of these conclusions are welcome, some are not. Among the former must be counted the rapid decrease in the number of brown rats. The foxes are eating them instead of rabbits. There are noticeably fewer buzzards, and the stoats have taken to preying on the grey squirrels. The botanist, to his delight, is discovering many rare wild flowers—particularly orchids — which had virtually disappeared from the countryside. Young forests are flourishing as never before.

But though the forests are flourishing, so is the ragwort and the deadly nightshade and a host of other noxious weeds. And though the farmers are getting better crops—well, for most British families, a rabbit made a nice, filling meal. Moreover, the foxes are becoming unbelievably bold, and are even venturing into the suburbs to raid the chicken runs.

For myself, as a cat-lover, the worst feature of myxamatosis is the danger which it has brought to our feline population. Before the disease rabbits were the chief source of supply for cheap fur; we used over a million pelts annually. Now that the supply has stopped, unscrupulous furriers in the East End are employing gangs of cat thieves, who prowl round the alleys at night, with sacks into which they push their unfortunate victims. Personally, I think that the man who steals a cat should be paid back in his own coin. He should get the cat. But then, on matters feline, I am an eccentric.

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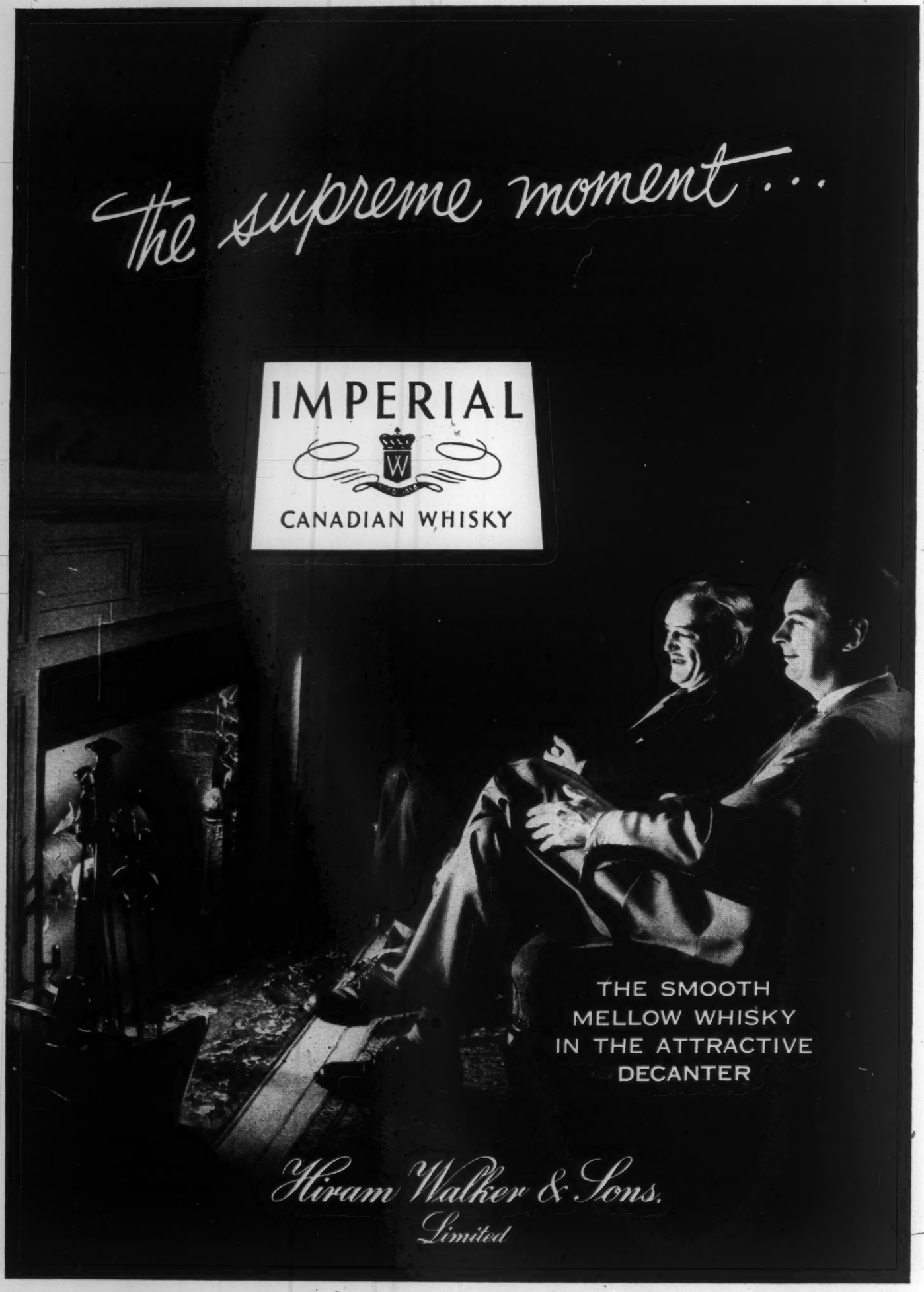
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The Thunderbolt of Heaven

by Norman Ward

ONE OF THE more provocative aspects of living in the multilingual culture of western Canada is that when, for instance, a man speaks of smutty wit, you are never sure whether he is talking of some celebrated passage from Sigmund Freud, or of a diseased grain. Thus when I first overheard a casual reference to a bull-shocker, a good deal of investigation was needed to make clear whether the topic under discussion was a device for alarming bulls, or administering electric impulses to policemen, or was possibly a newly developed strain of super-charged cow.

The investigation established one fact: that while the great mass of humanity has been callously going about its own affairs, the bovine world has been coming apart at the seams. For one thing, this bull-shocker is an electric gadget, which is fitted to a bull's head for the purpose of giving him a jolt whenever he prods any passing colleague or citizen. For another, my advisers tell me that the highly rarefied breeding practices aimed at producing larger and larger cattle seem to be resulting in a rather unsettling increase in the number of dwarfs. Most disturbing of all, calves are being born in the west whose mothers have never been within two thousand miles of their fathers.

Now much of this, to be sure, can be taken by the common man with a grain of salt. When an expert sets out to breed big animals and ends up with too many little ones, his compatriots, if they have any sense, are likely to conclude that the joke is on him. But the combination of artificial insemination and modern refrigeration, when used to manufacture calves whose parents know each other only as depots at opposite ends of a transcontinental railway, seems destined to mean problems of interest to everybody. If today we have to equip ordinary old-fashioned bulls with bull-shockers, what will it take twenty years from now to deter a bull who has never known the guiding hand of a father, but instead has an outlook derived from a union in which a refrigerated railway car was matchmaker, and a bunch of university scientists and civil servants acted as midwives?

Now I will admit that I have not inquired closely into the precise technical processes involved, although I have learned enough to dispel forever the illusion that all professors and bureaucrats live cloistered lives. And the bull, goodness knows, is a loveless beast with pool-room habits at best. But the civil rights of bulls alone are not at stake, for it is obvious that it is now technically possible—provided all the fuses don't blow—for a man to have children a century after his death, by a wife who may be one of his descendants.

"You may have observed," Herodotus observed some time ago, "how the thunderbolt of Heaven chastises the insolence of the more enormous animals." And when we have succeeded in breeding all the larger creatures into dwarfs, who will then be the most enormous animal?

Publicity

by J. M. Dunsmore

Full many a tot, ingenuously aglow
(Often no older than sixteen or so),
Has written trustingly to good St. Nick—
Asking for crutches for her brother Dick,
A truss for Dad, for Mom elastic hose,
An artificial eye for Baby Rose
(The rats spared one); but for herself no plea
Except a chance at steady drudgery
Somewhere in films, TV, or on the stage,
To share her art, and earn a modest wage
(The crowd that saw her at a talent show
Loved her impersonations of Monroe)—
All for her loved ones, as their stay and prop:—

And mailed it (Natch!) care of The Daily Slop.

Imagine her surprise and pretty shame,
Waking to wads of wealth and floods of fame.

Press Report

by F. R. Scott

Are these my words, recorded
So incomplete?
Is all my thought rewarded
With such deceit?

Great issues in this season
Compel a choice,
And to the search for reason
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Blaze of Two Hundred Candles

by William Krehm

MOZART'S bicentennial has brought a mad rush of all and everybody to ensure that there really are two hundred candles ablaze on his birthday cake. And as we come up for breath in the deluge of Mozart performances, good, bad and indifferent, we cannot always suppress the regret that we are not celebrating Mozart's anniversary as we do Remembrance Day —with a period of reverent silence. The record-listener, however, has the edge over the concert-goer in that he does retain the initiative and can exercise a choice. And the record companies have been putting on the market some very distinguished recordings of Mozart works, including some not hitherto available to the public. Here are some recent releases:

Mozart: Symphony 36 (Linz) Bruno Walter and Columbia Symphony Orchestra—Performance and Rehearsal. *Columbia SL—224.*

One reason that Mozart is so difficult to play satisfyingly is that he straddled one of history's great divides: in his music you find reconciled the burnished graces of 18th century court life and the spiritual conflicts of the free citizen of the 19th century. With each performance interpreters must bring this miracle to pass anew. Few do. Most keel over into one century or the other, giving pretty rococo versions of the music or overly sentimentalized ones. Bruno Walter's reading leans to the 19th century, but never to the point of ruining the excellent general effect.

The recording of Walter's rehearsal of the orchestra (with a copy of the score thrown in) offers the music-lover an insight into the carefully planned tactics and strategy that go into the making of a great performance. Recording excellent.

Mozart: Symphony 41 (Jupiter). Serenade in G (Eine Kleine Nachtmusik). Danube Symphony Orchestra. *Camden CAL 253.*

A respectable if sometimes flaccid workaday performance on RCA-Victor's low-price list. Recording fair.

Mozart: Piano Concerti 20 and 25. Walter Gieseking with Philharmonia Orchestra under Hans Rosbaud. *Angel 35215.*

With an historic sense for the character of the music and the limitations of the piano of the day, Gieseking makes sparing use of the pedal and avoids over-lush piano tones. The classical restraint of his Mozart may at first strike our jaded ears as dryness, but there is a beauty of line and a delicacy that make this a great performance. The two jarring notes are the lumpy cadenza that Gieseking has written for the 25th concerto and the fact that the conductor has his own rather different notions about Mozart. Recording good.

Mozart: Symphonies 29 and 41 ("Jupiter"). Otto Klemperer and Philharmonia Orchestra. *Angel 35209.*

Despite Klemperer's masterful command of the orchestra the record is disappointing: too often the music frowns instead of smiles. The Jupiter Symphony is positively saturnine. Recording good.

Mozart: Divertimento 15 (two violins, viola, double-bass, two horns). Members of the Vienna Octet. *London LL 1239.*

The golden tone of the horns floats about this charming music like a halo. Performance excellent, recording good.

Mozart: Litaniae De Venerabili Altaris Sacramento (K 243), The St. Anthony Singers and The Boyd Neel Orchestra under Anthony Lewis. *London Editions de l'Oiseau-lyre OL 50086.* Litaniae Lauretanae (K 195), The St. Anthony Singers and The Boyd Neel Orchestra under Anthony Lewis. *London Editions de L'Oiseau-lyre OL 50085.*

Two off-beat treasures of Mozartiana. Mozart's religious music is a great aesthetic experience rather than a deeply religious one. To explore the depths of the

Mozart: Record jacket, Vox PL 9390.

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Christian religion calls for ashes and sackcloth, but these works suggest plump, dimpled cherubs rather than hollow-cheeked saints. At times the numbers are reminiscent of operatic airs, at other times of his violin concerti written at the same relatively early period. But the works—especially the Litaniae Venerabili—contain some top-flight Mozart. Performance and recording excellent.

Mozart: Piano Concerti 17 and 26. Ingrid Haebler. Bamberg Symphony and Pro Musica Orchestra, Vienna, conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser. *Vox PL 9390.*

Two superb performances by a young Viennese pianist whom you are bound to hear a lot more of. Her playing of Mozart has much of the limpid style of Gieseking along with a greater warmth of tone. Recording fair.

Mozart: Quartets in G Major K 387 and D Minor K 421. Quartetto Italiano. *Angel 35063.*

The ensemble and finesse of this famous group are as great as ever, but this is Mozart of very small, intimate format. There are times when I would swap some of the unvarying sweetness and nicety of their playing for more depth and breadth. Recording excellent.

Beethoven: The Four Overtures for Fidelio. Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra. *Angel 35258.*

Here Klemperer is in his element and his readings have all the demoniac drive and fervor the works call for. In making the four overtures available on a single disc Angel has done a great service to music-lovers. Recording excellent.

Bach: The Goldberg Variations. Glenn Gould. *Columbia ML 5060.*

This is the greatest record up to now made by a Canadian performer. Gould's Bach is not the result of a casual encounter. He has dwelt with the master, formed himself in his spirit. He has clean fingers, the impetuousness of youth, and a genius for sensitive line.

Ravel: Daphnis and Chloe. Antal Dorati and Minneapolis Symphony. *Mercury MG 50048.*

A masterpiece familiar from the concert hall is now made available in complete form on discs. Dorati, whose stature among conductors has been growing consistently, gives a delicate and vital performance. Recording excellent.

Verdi: Baritone arias. Leonard Warren. *RCA-Victor LM 1932.*

You can take your operatic music by the opera or by the singer. This is a release in the latter format which gives you a cross-section of the labors of Leonard Warren in Verdi's vineyard. It confirms our impression of him as a highly competent hand who now and again approaches greatness. Recording good.

Tightening Up on Small Loans

by Logan MacLean

BADLY-NEEDED changes in small-loans legislation that are expected to affect some one million Canadians and the money-lending business are currently before the House of Commons and are expected to become law in 1957.

From the standpoint of the individual borrower—the truck driver, the laborer and the many others who do business with lending companies—this new legislation will mean more money in the pocket. From the standpoint of the 61 licensed lenders, the legislation will likely mean smaller profits. But above all the new legislation is a means of hitting at those lenders, at present unregulated, who get all the traffic will bear.

Essentially, here is what the new small loans rules are. Lending companies which now are able to charge 2 per cent interest per month on the unpaid balance of a loan under $500 will have to follow this lending scale:

Interest on unpaid balances of less than $300 will be 2 per cent a month; on unpaid balances between $300 and $1,000, interest rate maximum will be 1 per cent and on balances between $1,000 and $1,500, interest rate will be ½ per cent.

These new rates apply to loans made for less than 15 months. If less than $500 is loaned for more than 15 months, or more than $500 for longer than 30 months, the interest rate will be 1 per cent per month on the unpaid balance.

Although it appears that the lower interest rates will catch the largest part of public approval, the widening of coverage from $500 to the new $1,500 limit is most significant.

The pattern has been that if a money-lender (sometimes a used-car dealer) wanted to avoid government regulation, he simply refused to lend less than $500. In this way he circumvented the 2 per cent per month on the unpaid balance maximum. Often rates (including such hidden charges as insurance, service, etc.) mushroomed to 40 per cent and better in terms of simple interest. But approved lenders had to stick to the maximum of about 24 per cent annual cost for money and often, on larger loans, voluntarily cut their rates.

The activities of the non-approved lenders were a sore spot for firms that were covered by law and operated fairly. Small-loans companies do a large volume of business and meet an important need of many Canadians who are unable to borrow money from a bank or credit union. Licensed lenders at the end of 1954 had some $219 million of loans outstanding, including $88 million of less than $500.

In this respect, the loan companies are important. The problem has been how to stop people operating outside the act. The government probably feels that with the $1,500 top, instead of $500, they have plugged an important loophole.

But there is still one major weakness. The new legislation continues to exclude loans backed by real estate. And it is in this field that loan sharks are having a field day. Anyone who has tried to arrange a second mortgage can testify to how expensive this money is. Discounts of 40 per cent to 60 per cent are common. In other words, if you want to borrow $2,000 under a second mortgage, you will have to pay back anywhere from $2,800 up. And that doesn't count interest. You are borrowing from an individual who is out to get all the traffic can give.

You borrowed $1,200 to be repaid over 12 months. Here's what happens in interest rates:

End of	Interest On	Now	In Future
1st month	$1,200	$24	$14
2nd month	$1,100	$22	$13.50
3rd month	$1,000	$20	$13
4th month	$ 900	$18	$12
5th month	$ 800	$16	$11
6th month	$ 700	$14	$10
7th month	$ 600	$12	$ 9
8th month	$ 500	$10	$ 8
9th month	$ 400	$ 8	$ 7
10th month	$ 300	$ 6	$ 6
11th month	$ 200	$ 4	$ 4
12th month	$ 100	$ 2	$ 2
Total Interest		$156	$109.50

Even if you want only $1,000 as a third mortgage, this is not yet regulated.

One of the dangers in the cutting back of interest rates under the new laws is the possibility that loan sharks will be able to milk many more Canadian workers. The higher rates will probably make the licensed lenders think a little harder about a credit risk; they may even decide that some people now able to borrow from them should be turned away.

After all, with gross profits squeezed back anywhere from 10 per cent to 25 per cent because of the lower permissible interest rate charges, the finance company will want more assurance that it can collect its money.

The alternative for people turned away from a small-loans company is the loan shark. This shark may be someone working on the same production line who is willing to lend you $100 if you'll pay him back $200 in six months.

Another possible development under the new interest rate levels is likely to be discouragement of loans of more than $1,000. Finance companies say that as the loan increases their return decreases, so they naturally will try to lend money where they can get the best return. They don't like this, but it may be good for the individual Canadian who in the past may have been induced to borrow more than he should have. On the other hand, if he needs more than $1,000 badly, he may be forced to go to two different lenders.

Despite the complaints of the small-loans businesses that they will be hard-pressed and despite complaints of lenders operating outside existing legislation, the field apparently is attractive. In recent years several major U.S. money-lending organizations have entered Canada and are expanding rapidly.

In a sense, the small-loans business is getting a little more than it bargained for. The firms wanted the government to extend loan limits to squeeze out much of their unlicensed competition, but they didn't figure on the cutback in interest rates.

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Consumers Gas

They do not seem to be getting on very fast with the Trans-Canada Pipe Line in spite of the Hon. C. D. Howe's support for an all-Canada gas tube. Will this delay work to the disadvantage of Consumers Gas in developing the Toronto market for natural gas?—J.J., Vancouver, BC.

It is difficult to see how developments in connection with the pipe line can work to anything but the advantage of Consumers Gas. Now drawing natural gas from the U.S., Consumers is well fixed for supplies for a few years and, should the Trans-Canada line not come through, Consumers could reasonably be expected to continue to import gas. The company has an interesting position with respect to the Niagara-Toronto pipe line, owned by Trans-Canada, and now used by Consumers to bring gas to Toronto. Should Trans-Canada, within five years of the time when Consumers commenced to use the Niagara line, fail to complete a line from Alberta to the east, Consumers can then buy the Niagara line. This would give it a strategic position in any future plan to bring Alberta gas east and sell a portion of it in New York state. Consumers began to use the line in the fall of 1954.

Osisko

I purchased some Osisko stock at 55 cents and would appreciate knowing future prospects. What is Osisko's position apart from its adjacency to good properties?—K.G., Vancouver, BC.

Osisko has been a suspect from time immemorial but so far the drills have failed to bite into the paying rock. The ground has been drilled in every direction but upside down and the chances are a cross section of it would look like a piece of limburger cheese. The company has a fair kitty and this enables it to look around for other interesting properties and also to follow up fresh geological theories on its own property. These might turn up as a result of developments on other claims in the district.

Dosco

Should I buy Dominion Steel & Coal?—C.K., Uxbridge, Ont.

You might do worse. This is an interesting, if not a glamorous, situation.

The company and its various components have had a somewhat chequered career, but its location, formerly considered as of dubious advantage, is now showing up favorably.

It owns iron and coal mines. The latter

are in Nova Scotia while its iron ore comes from Newfoundland.

Completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway may make the company ore competitive in the rich inland steel markets of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence basin.

Also significant at this time is the decision to proceed with a 20 per cent expansion in ingot-making capacity, now standing at 650,000 tons a year.

The company now has an excess of blooming or primary-rolling capacity. Steel men are not notoriously cost-conscious, but the economics of Dosco's costs do not yet appear to have had the impact on investors' thinking which they seem to warrant. Thus the stock can be bought on a yield basis attractive with some comparable situations.

Typical of the competitive capacity of the company is the Mexican rail order on which its finishing mills are working and also the sale in Europe of some iron ore production. The latter is attaining increasing mechanization.

Geco Mines

I bought Geco Mines at $10.75. Should I take my profit now, or is there hope of its going higher when the mine comes into production?—C.M., Saint John, NB.

Geco has had a substantial advance, reflecting the increased price of copper. Copper has so far confounded the market guessers by its strong price performance. British traders were wrong in their assessment of its fluctuations but it is hard not to go along with them in their belief that the price is too high for the long term.

As a new producer, Geco will enjoy exemption from corporate income taxes for a three-year period. This will enable it to show high earnings during this period and

The Baron's Reply . . . .

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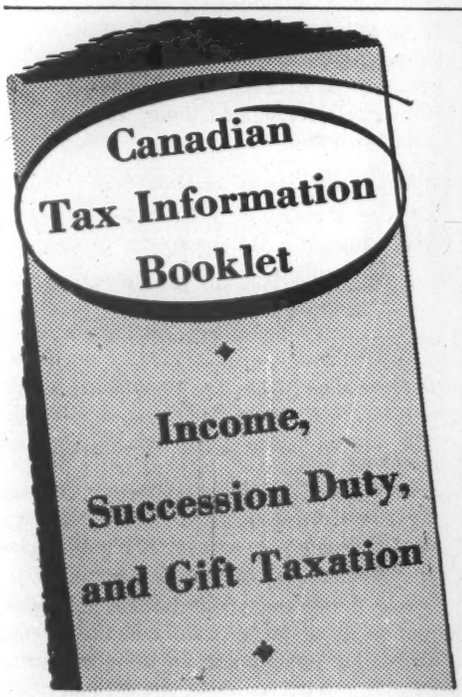

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will also indicate how realized costs and recoveries stand up to estimates. Successful people—Noranda Mines—are financing the project and naturally when you get into carriage trade like this, the odds get shorter.

Hudson Bay

I am the owner of some shares of Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting. Earnings are, of course, affected by the price of zinc and copper. In your opinion what local or world conditions might arise to affect the prices of these commodities? Are such conditions imminent at the present time?—G.T.. Toronto, Ont.

Both zinc and copper enjoy bright outlooks, reflecting expanding markets for the metals. Zinc has become popular as a base for die-castings used for gingerbread or chrome-plated parts on cars. Other expanding uses for zinc are the result of new processes of coating steel sheets with it.

Copper's popularity reflects the growing electrification of the world.

Any reversal of these trends would be unfavorable for the two metals, but this seems to be only a remote possibility in the case of zinc. Copper's chief hazard is the growing trend towards substituting aluminum for it in many applications.

We think you can refrain from looking over your shoulder for the time being, especially in the case of zinc.

In Brief

Any hope for Hope Gold Mines Ltd.?—T.C., Ottawa.

Nope.

What happened to Consolidated Astoria?—W.C.K., Edmonton.

It is now Canadian Astoria. For every three shares of Consolidated you hold, you now have one in Canadian Astoria. The stock trades at about $25 on the Toronto board.

What is the status of Daybreak Mining Co. Ltd.?—C.G., Peterborough, Ont.

Still waiting for the dawn.

What is the outlook for Bear Valley Mines Ltd.?—W.C., Toronto.

Bearish.

Is Horseshoe Mines Ltd. still in existence?—F.C., North Bay, Ont.

Yes, but so far it hasn't been lucky.

Last April I purchased shares of Buffalo Canadian at 34 cents. Should I take my loss at 15 cents or do you believe the price will rise?—B.E., Montreal, Que.

There is nothing about Buffalo Canadian and its ilk to permit a discussion of it and its market prospects in anything but terms of risk carried to about the Nth degree.

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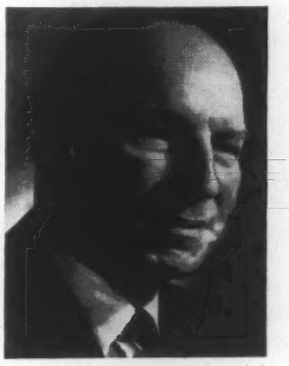
Proper Montrealer

DO LARGE modern newspapers at all reflect the personalities of their bosses? Philip Fisher, President of the Southam Company since 1950 and hence the top executive of a group ("I don't like the word chain") which publishes dailies in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Edmonton, Calgary, Medicine Hat and Hamilton, may be regarded as one of the leading figures in the Canadian newspaper world today. But he believes that the era of the "press-lord" who identified himself with his papers is over. And this tall, reserved Montrealer with the long pointed ears, the long pointed nose and the St. James's Club ambiance, evidently does not model himself on a Northcliffe or a Hearst. Indeed, he leans somewhat stiffly backward to avoid exerting any undue influence.



Philip Fisher

"I won't sit on the boards of any companies outside the group and no one knows how I vote . . .". (It would seem most unlikely from his infrequent speeches, however, that he votes for the CCF.) He never writes an article himself. Newspapers are "essentially community services to be published and generally administered in the communities which they serve" and, in accordance with his formula, the papers very largely go their own way in policy and practice, undeterred by occasional visits each year from the President.

"If the *Vancouver Province*, for example, came out in support of BC's joining the United States, I don't know how I would react," Fisher ruminates, puffing at his pipe. The penchant for hypothetical arguments is mildly disarming. On the other hand he cannot be classed, by background or inclination, amongst those businessmen who just buy and sell newspapers like any other profit-making commodity.

Philip Sydney Fisher was born in 1896, the son of a very well-established businessman in Montreal and the nephew of the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Laurier's Minister of Agriculture and the founder of the National Gallery. He received a BA from McGill; the DSO and DSC from the King, for his exploits as a young pilot in the First World War—as well as a stiff knee. Back home, he worked for a time in the real estate firm of Walter Molson and in the Royal Securities Corporation, then devoted himself full-time to family business affairs.

In 1924 he joined Southam's, as an assistant to his father-in-law, Frederick N. Southam and started to climb, or rather ascend, to the top. "Nepotism," he comments drily, with the easy assurance of a club-man who has justly gained the respect of his business colleagues as well as his various in-laws in the Southam group. He is, too, a director and past president of the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association and a director of The Canadian Press.

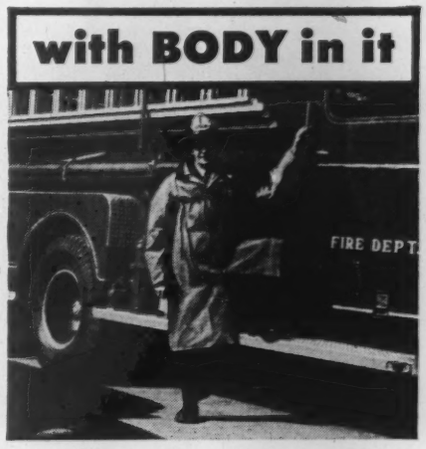
His concern for community service has found another and more personal expression outside the newspaper field. From 1930 until 1936 he was President of the Montreal Council of Social Agencies and took a leading part in the organization of the McGill School of Social Work. In 1938 he became Chairman of the Board of the Welfare Federation of Montreal and two years later was elected President of the Canadian Welfare Council — of which he is still Honorary President. Primarily for his wartime services administering supplementary grants to servicemen's dependents on behalf of the Government, he was awarded the CBE.

In all these and many other voluntary activities, which he shares with his wife, he has shown a regard for *noblesse oblige* ("giving on the basis of fraternal assistance from one who has found the going good to one who has found the going tough"), a marked talent for high-level organization or persuasion, and little or no taste for ground-level charity.

A fair-minded man, whose firm business principles have occasionally earned him harsh names in the labor disputes that have involved Southam newspapers in the past, he acts cautiously, reads seriously and practises impulsive good-works by tinkering with other people's sailing boats.

"The best thing for us," he says, "is to have some competition — but not too much, of course." Competition from a rival daily, as exists in some of the cities where Southam newspapers are published, may provide a stimulus, he feels, and certainly provides a yardstick of efficiency. But he is not altogether "sold" on the benefits of all-out bidding for popular favor. By and large he feels that the Canadian press compares well with that of the United States or Britain.

"A job like mine takes it out of you"



"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," *says John G. Braithwaite, Cooksville.*

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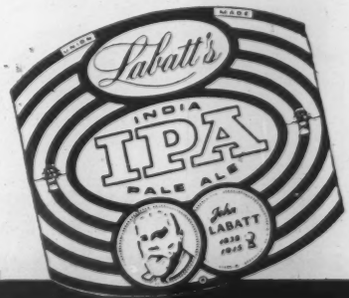

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NOTICE OF 288th DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 16th day of April, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of March, 1956.

Montreal, Feb. 22, 1956.

S. C. SCADDING, *Secretary*

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared the following dividend:

No par value Common Stock

No. 57, Quarterly, 50¢ per share, payable March 31st, 1956 to holders of record at the close of business on March 5th, 1956.

V. J. NIXON, Secretary.

Montreal, February 24th, 1956.

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Value of Paid-Up Policies

by William Sclater

ONE OF THE big advantages of owning a paid-up life insurance policy is apparent when we have occasion to seek security in emergency for a loan.

Many people view such a fortunate position as being somewhat beyond their resources, looking on their insurance contracts as policies based on premiums payable over a long period of years. For most of us that is quite true. The bulk of our insurance estate will be something we are building up over a period of years. There is, however, nothing to stop us becoming owners of fully paid-up life insurance policies on a smaller scale or appreciating some of the benefits and advantages of such policies.

Quite apart from the appreciable boost it gives to our credit standing in times of emergency, there are several other factors that make a policy of this kind a useful addition to an insurance portfolio. It can be utilized as a "cleanup" policy for an estate, to take care of outstanding debts, expenses of last illness, mortgage payments, succession duties and other incidentals.

While a paid-up policy of this type can be purchased over a period of time, the best and cheapest method is to buy it outright for cash. Most of us come into the odd bit of extra cash on occasions. Next time this happens, why not consider devoting a portion of it to making an outright purchase of a fully paid-up life insurance policy?

If, for example, you are 30 years of age and you wish to own a fully paid-up life insurance policy with a face value of $1,000 you can do so by making a single reasonable payment. While rates vary from one company to another, and we do not quote a rate as being the best or the cheapest, or even an average, it is possible for a 30-year-old man in normal circumstances to purchase such a policy for approximately $333 in a single payment.

If you die tomorrow your estate receives $1,000. If you die 30 years from now your estate receives $1,000. In the meantime it has a cash surrender value that grows from year to year.

In five years' time the policy would have a cash surrender value of $340. You could have your money back plus $7 and you would have enjoyed five years' protection at $1,000. At age 65 the policy will have a cash surrender value of $680.

If you are 40 years of age $1,000 paid-up life insurance will cost you $426. In the first year the cash surrender value would be $394. In the fifth year it would be $440. At 65 it is $680. If you are age 30 and you want to make an outright purchase of $10,000 paid-up life insurance it will cost you $325 per $1,000. At age 40 it will cost you $412 per $1,000.

These rates are for non-participating policies on which no dividends would be paid. If you wished to make your policy a participating one, the rate would be $385 for $1,000 if you are 30 or $479 if you are 40. On $10,000 paid-up policies the rate per $1,000 for a man of 30 would be $377 on a dividend participating basis and $471 on the same basis for a man of 40.

The cash surrender values would be the same but the dividends, usually on an annual basis, would increase the return from the policy. On a $1,000 paid-up life policy the dividend would return possibly $100 or more over a 20-year period. On the $10,000 policy it would be correspondingly larger. This would be additional, of course, to the cash surrender values given.

Single payment, outright purchase of paid-up life insurance is a fact of life insurance that is worth study.

It has a singularly useful quality for credit purposes, but even if never used for that it is a valuable addition to the insurance estate. It is often employed where the need for investment of a surplus fund is required to build up an estate and single purchase policies in large amounts are not uncommon.

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION LIMITED

Notice of Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending March 31, 1956, payable on April 14, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 15, 1956.

By Order of the Board.

J. PLUMPTON, Secretary.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"YES, they still keep perfect time," announced Mr. Bland, checking his watch. Bob smiled, glancing at the clocks in the room: "But they're always wrong." He had noticed that each showed an exact number of minutes, but he refrained from asking why his eccentric old friend never had his clocks right.

"I like them that way," Mr. Bland explained, as if reading his thoughts. "Everything is so regimented these days, so it's good to have something different." He switched off the radio, and went on: "But they're quite regular, and I can tell the time from them." Bob said nothing: after all, it couldn't mean a lot to an old man who seldom left the house, and the clocks were less than an hour out.

"When the grandfather clock shows the present time," continued Mr. Bland, "the time will be as many minutes before the hour as the square of the minutes before the hour that the mantel clock is now showing, and you see the grandfather clock shows a number of minutes before the hour that is a square number."

Bob was thinking. "Of course you mean the time when you checked," he replied at last, "so that makes the grandfather clock more than four minutes slow, the number of minutes slow also being a square number." The old man nodded in agreement.

Now how many minutes before the hour was that "correct" time? *Answer on page 46.* (18)

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

ALAIN WHITE once wrote that the artistic element of difficulty is the "try", and the converse of the try is paucity of attack.

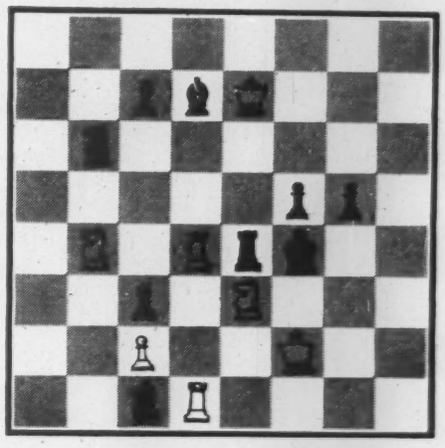
But the great expedient for difficulty has been the change-mate, with its most notable expression in the mutate.

Solution of Problem No. 135.

Key-move 1.Kt-K7, threat (Q-R3ch); 2.R-B4 mate. If Q-Q3ch, Q-B4ch or Q-K5ch; 2.QxQ mate. If QxQPch or Q-B5ch; 2.RxQ mate. If Q-Q4ch, QxQch, Q-K7ch or QxRPch; 2.KtxQ mate. If Q-Kt6ch; 2.R-B3 mate. If Q-K6ch; 2.PxQ mate.

Problem No. 136, by P. H. Williams.

Black—Nine Pieces.
White—Seven Pieces.
White mates in two.



Jack Up Your Wits

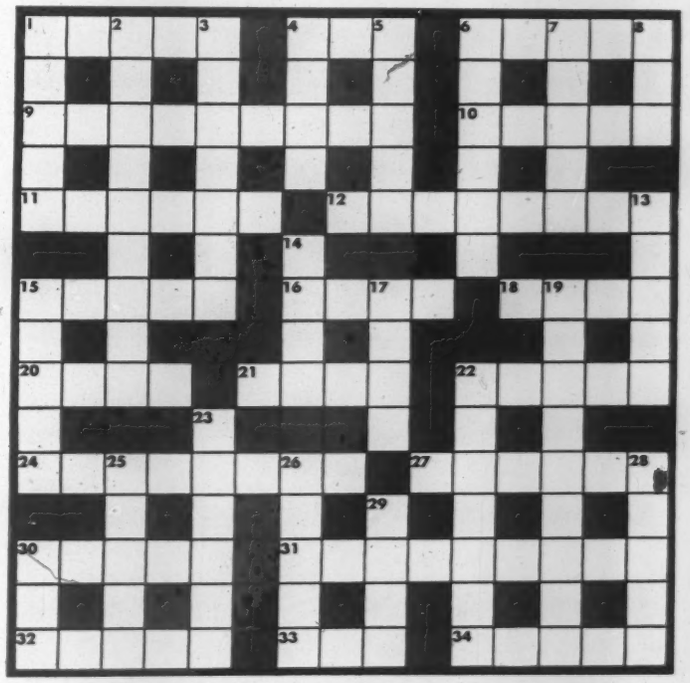
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 Mrs. Palindrome? (5)
4, 6 See 21
9 One 21 found it elevating. (9)
10 Found inside when the bear ate daddy. (5)
11 Moon madness. (6)
12 Ann usually neglected to include us. (8)
15 Sick? Then get the doctor early! (5)
16, 18 See 21
20 This one's on me for a change. (4)
21, 32, 6, 34, 4, 30D, 18, 6, 34, 16 This jingle, if completed, would prove that dietary habits make for clean 24. (4, 5, 5, 3, 2, 3, 3, 4, 5, 3, 2, 4)
22 Rose, by another name, was supposedly thus afflicted. (5)
24 See 21 etc. (8)
27 London consort hall. (6)
30 But this hog stays at the side of the road! (5)
31 An exhibition held on the square, no doubt. (5, 4)
32 See 21
33 Shylock's bald! (3)
34 See 21

DOWN

1 She's to blame! (5)
2 What a wet smoker needs to do occasionally? (9)
3 "The food of love" gets an alto to leave. (7)
4 3ly loud on the listener. (4)
5 To know Scotch. (5)
6 See 14
7 United Nations illuminated, as one might express it. (5)
8 See 29
13 Produce, or give in! (5)
14, 6 Entertainment one itches to see. (4, 6)
15 Five hundred poor uprising only to lose heart. (5)
17 Storm warnings don't produce a flood of these nowadays. (4)
19 The sort of judge who travels in the best circles? (9)
22 Ripley suggests it isn't necessary to! (7)
23 Even a short one has a tree . . . (6)
25 . . . that's perhaps a lot of balderdash! (5)
26 One perhaps tires of these. (5)
28 But the elephant's trunk isn't one! (5)
29, 8 Insect that told on the little girl. (7)
30 See 21



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Capsize
5 Ashcans
10 Return
11 Oar
12 See 22
13 Webbed
14 Romantic
15 Aspirins
17 Invert
19 Images
21 Organist
23 Rye bread
25 Uproar
26 Koko
27 Ton
28 Cyclop
29 Beakers
30 Attests

DOWN

2 Ageless
3, 24 Stumbling block
4 Zoned
6 Strumming
7 Crown
8 Noisier
9 Correspondent
16 Inspector
18 Ventricle
20 Maypole
22, 12 Snap out of it.
24 See 3
25 Uncut (385)

Serenity in Interior Decoration...

by EATON'S OF CANADA

EATON'S...CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION...STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

WOMEN

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Long Range Planning

The McMurrich home in North Toronto fits serenely into its ravine setting.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMurrich began building their house in North Toronto, they planned a home that would last them the rest of their lives.

In a period of constantly shifting population and property values this called for considerable long range planning. The McMurrich's began their enterprise by buying a wooded ravine lot that bordered on the further side of the Rosedale Golf Course. Then, having secured their frontier, they set to work to build a house that would adapt itself, as it went along, to the needs of a growing family and a permanent landscape.

This is a dream that many young married people indulge in, though few, perhaps, are as well qualified to carry it out as Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich. Norman is an architect. Mrs. McMurrich is a graduate of the Arts and Archaeology course at the University of Toronto and before her marriage was a member of the staff of the Art Gallery. They wanted a house that would expand in conformity to their family, their surroundings and their resources. For this reason, they selected a scheme that could be developed harmoniously, both vertically and laterally, with none of the architectural *non sequiturs* that are built on simply to provide accommodation. So their house was planned for two levels, one of which is now complete.

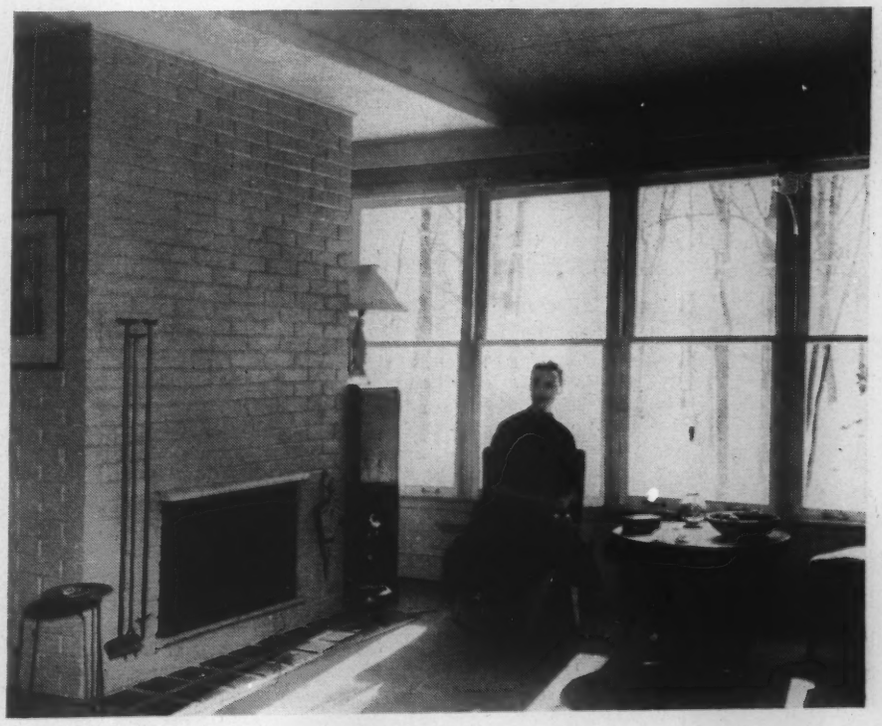
"Even so, things have already got ahead of us," Mrs. McMurrich said. "The room my husband planned for a drafting-room has to be used at present for the children's playroom."

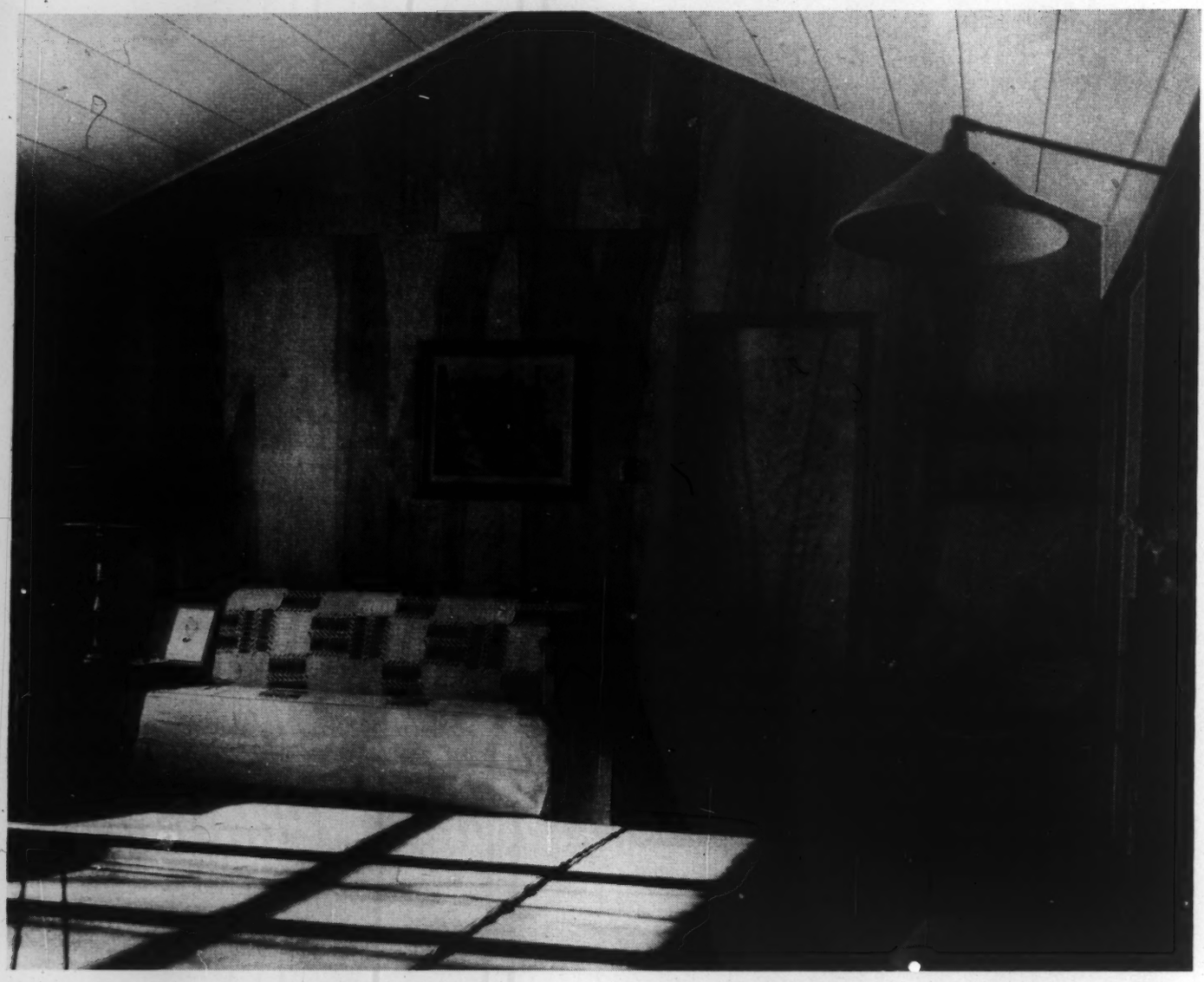
There are three children — Lynn, 8, Sheila, 4, and Teddy, 3. There is also Willie, an enormous black Labrador, who looks as formidable as a Hound of the Baskervilles, and is so attached to the human race that he refuses to make use of the special runway and dog-house built for his accommodation. He prefers to sit in the living-room, if possible with his head in a visitor's lap. Like everyone else in the McMurrich menage, Willie has a spontaneous talent for friendliness.

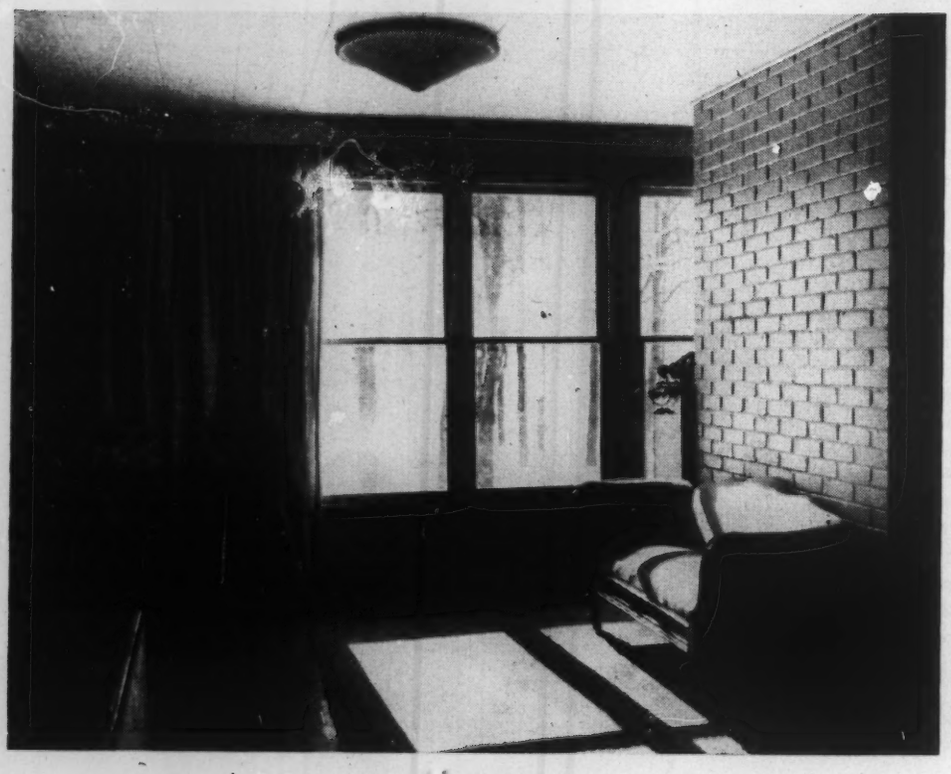
"He's not much of a watch dog," Mrs. McMurrich said, "but then there is very little around here that needs watching."

Only the neighbors' carefully driven cars find their way down the long, curv-

The wide windows at the rear give Mrs. Norman McMurrich a fine view.







Designed by Norman McMurrich, an architect, the house has scuff-resistant floors of large tile blocks and walls panelled in light birch.

It is a spacious and adaptable home, with an open fireplace and brick chimney separating the living-room and the dining area.

The modern kitchen is planned for efficient and pleasant housekeeping. It is separated from the rest of the house by a half-wall.

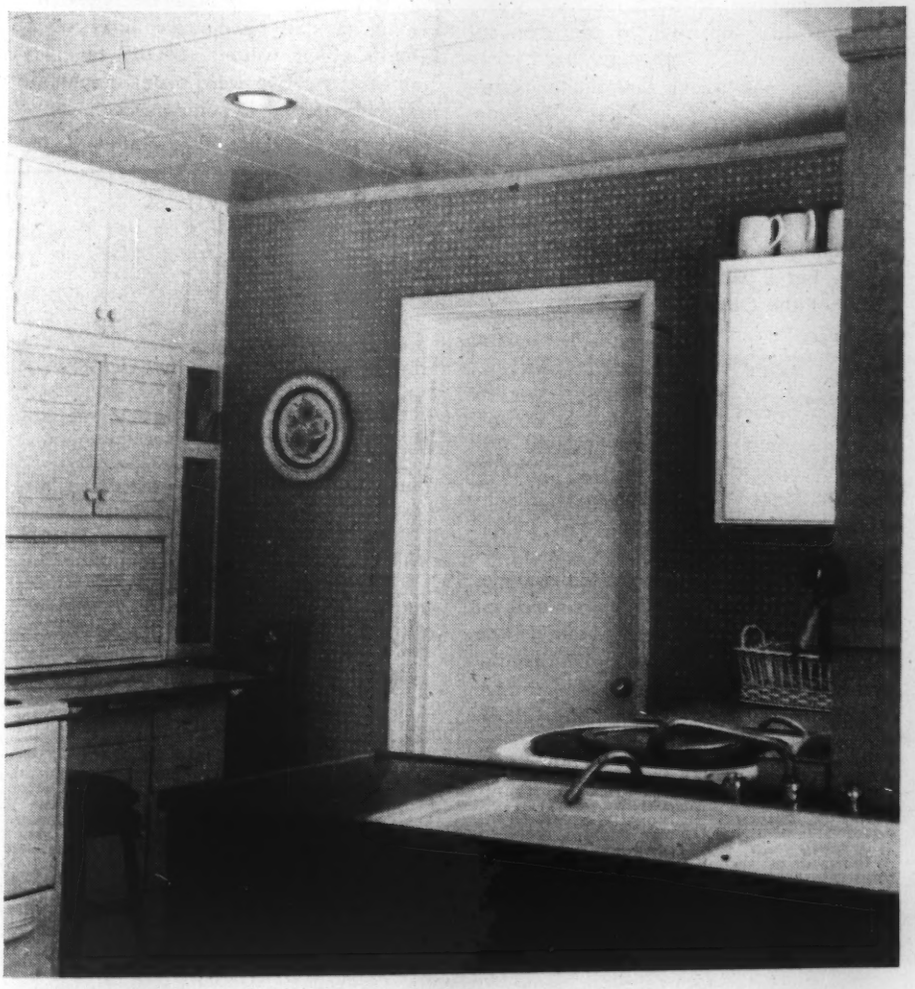
ing road that leads to the McMurrich home. The windowed rear of the house provides a continuous view of the peaceful valley where the children play. It would be hard to imagine a place where a family could grow up in greater security and contentment.

The McMurrichs' is, literally, an open house. The dining-room is open to the living-room, with only the division of an open fireplace and chimney. The modern kitchen is separated from the living-room by little more than a half-wall. And most of the wide windowed house is as open as possible to the outdoors. This creates a sense of clearness and space but it doesn't, Mrs. McMurrich admits, make much allowance for privacy. Their immediate plans include a library, with floor-to-ceiling partitions and a door.

Primarily, it is a home designed for easy and pleasurable living. The floors are finished in an attractive, large-square tile, which resists scuffing and is practically imperishable. The walls are pleasantly panelled with a light, wide-grained birch. This, too, is indestructible. There are no forbidden areas in the McMurrich house, and as the parents of active young children, they prefer textures and surfaces that can be briskly and easily repaired.

Through the help of intelligent planning, an impressive collection of electric devices, and the services of two reliable baby-sitters, Mrs. McMurrich has succeeded in avoiding that perpetual bugbear of the suburban housewife, the maid problem. When Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich go on ski-trips or weekends to their home in Georgian Bay, they take the family along. The sitters fill in when Mrs. McMurrich comes into town on committee work—she is the President of the St. Hilda's College Alumnae and also of the Junior Women's Committee at the Art Gallery. In the latter capacity she is largely responsible for one of the Gallery's more spectacular events, the annual costume ball. This year it is taking the form of a Jazz Age Ball, a project involving considerable research. "We're not going back beyond 1912," she said, "though actually the history of jazz extends a good deal further back than that. However, we feel that a period of forty-five years or so should allow plenty of latitude for costume."

She is young, enthusiastic and gay-spirited, and she is happily engaged, most of the time, in doing all the things she likes doing best. She likes planning—especially house-planning — and finds double enjoyment in watching her home evolve while she is actually living in it. "As long as they don't cut the golf-course up into building subdivisions," she said, "I don't see how anything can go wrong."



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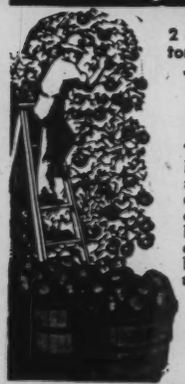
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Letters

Political Hypnotism

Stuart Keate . . . even in his title "Political Hypnotism in BC", insults the people of the province. He depicts Premier W. A. C. Bennett as a slick, half-crooked political faker, out to fool and befuddle them.

The progress reports of writers Jack Scott and Lawrence G. Ecroyd in the same issue, tell the true story. The people of BC are well satisfied with their government for obvious reasons. Provincial affairs are administered in a manner inspiring the respect and confidence of all, excepting those who have lost power . . .

A menace to democratic freedom does indeed exist. The Liberal faction, still with powerful control of press and radio, hates and fears a party which offers no patronage, and which they can neither intimidate nor control . . .

VICTORIA (MRS.) M. H. O'BRIEN

Royal Commission

I do not intend to prolong the debate with the Ontario CCF leader, Mr. MacDonald, but his comparison of a Royal Commission with a jury is too glib to let pass. A Royal Commission does not have to decide guilt or innocence; it investigates and makes recommendations. At the same time, while a jury is not supposed to prejudge, its members should certainly have fixed ideas about right and wrong and the responsibility of the individual to society. Presumably members of a Royal Commission should at least have some similar base of ideas for the recommendations, but these do not mean prejudgment . . . What Mr. MacDonald wants, apparently, is not an inquiry but a packed jury to consider the affairs of the CBC.

WINNIPEG R. B. RALSTON

Welfare State

I was disappointed that a supposedly progressive journal like SATURDAY NIGHT should criticize efforts to improve Canada's backward welfare program. The fact is that old age pensioners cannot live on $40 a month, unless they go without necessities. The increased cost of living has wiped out most of the value of mother's allowances. Sickness has plunged thousands of families into debt . . . Surely Canada, with the second highest standard of living in the world, can afford to spend some of its wealth on the old, the sick and the poverty-stricken . . .

MONTREAL JOHN HASLEDEN

Editor's note: We pointed out that there is more to a welfare program than pensions and health insurance. We did not criticize any particular part of such a program, but simply suggested that thought be given to overall costs, the ability of the nation to pay, and the degree of urgency.

Fluorine in Foods

In view of the fact that Dr. Zeidler has obtained a copy of the U.S. Public Health Service Report "Fluorine in Foods" by Dr. F. J. McClure, it is surprising that he has not read it more carefully. In this review . . . Dr. McClure states that "in general it appears that natural fluorine in fish, tea and other foods is largely available for assimilation." . . .

Protection from dental caries can be obtained either by 1 part per million of fluoride in the water supply *or* by the presence of 1 milligram of fluorine as fluoride per day in the food. It can be readily calculated that at least 10 cups of tea prepared from leaves containing 60 p.p.m. of fluoride would be required to provide a daily protective level of fluoride. Only if volumes of this tea in excess of the above were drunk might mottling be expected in some cases . . .

NORTH VANCOUVER R. A. MACLEOD, PH.D.

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ANSWER TO PUZZLER
20 minutes before the hour.

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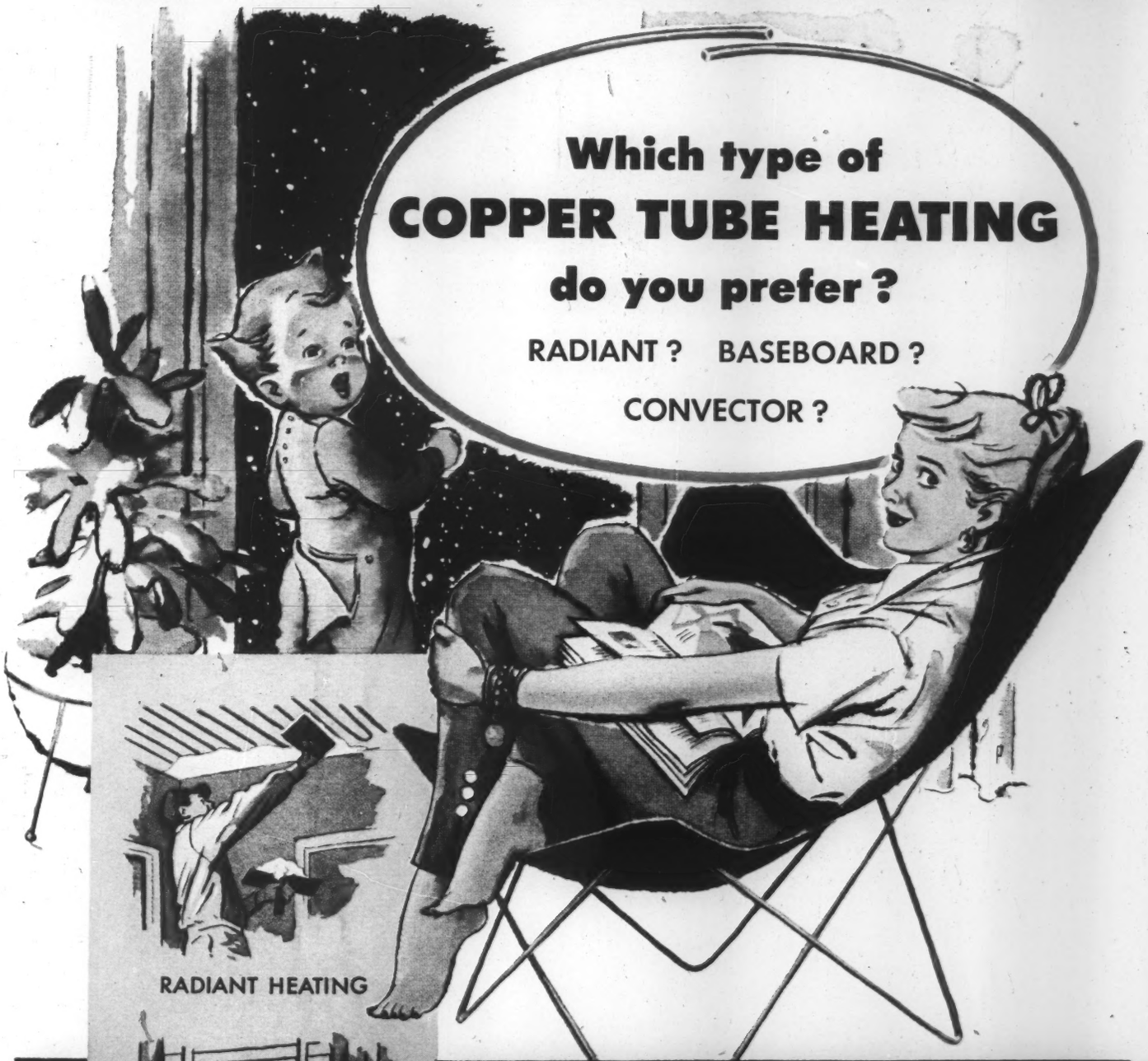

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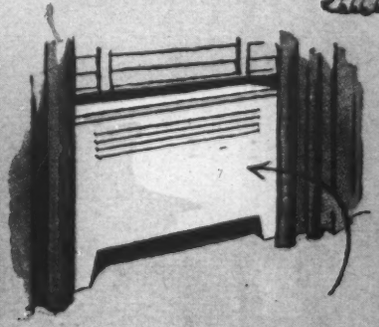

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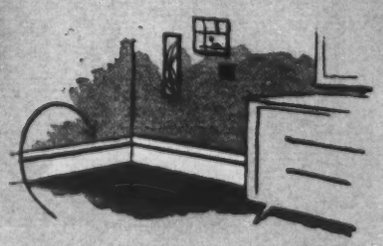

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